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1915

The Mound

1915

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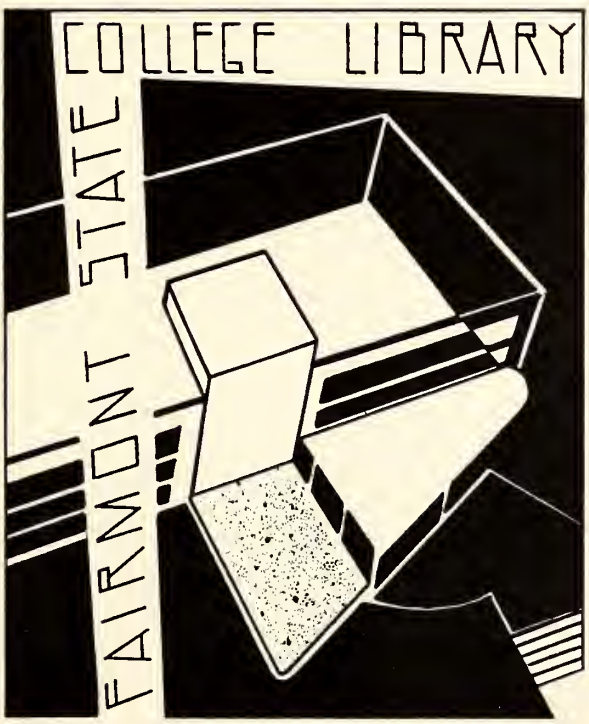
Marjorie Rose.



GIFT OF
Miss Marjorie Ross

Fairmont State College

THE 1915 MOUND

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASSES

OF THE

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

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THE MOUND.

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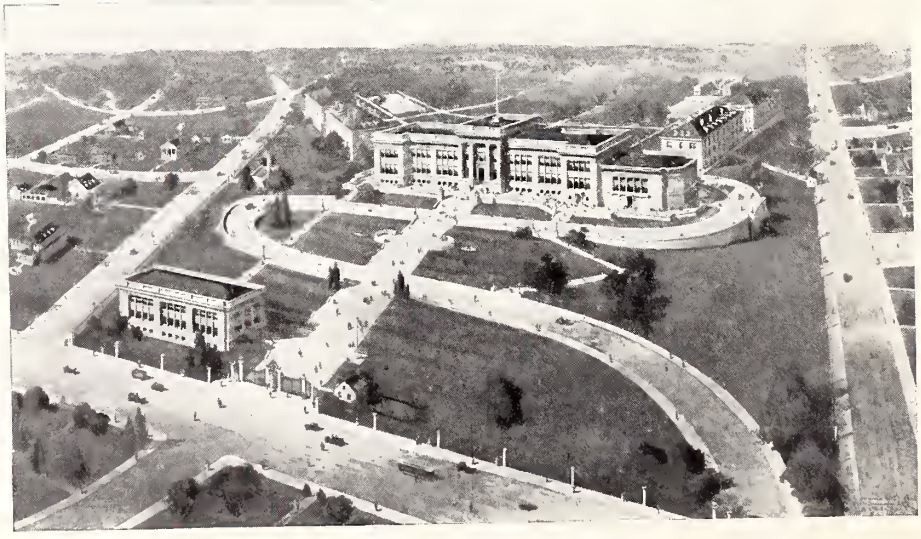
FOREWORD

FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS IT HAS BEEN THE CUSTOM OF THE SENIOR CLASSES OF THE FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL TO PUBLISH AN ANNUAL KNOWN AS THE MOUND. IN ACCORDANCE WITH THIS CUSTOM, THE SENIORS OF 1915 TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE MOUND, WITH THE HOPE THAT ITS READERS MAY FIND IT A LIBERAL SOURCE OF BOTH PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

52848

NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.



NEW NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

The New Normal School

The faculty and students of the Normal School are greatly pleased over the fact that they are to have a new building in which to work. The old building has many pleasant associations. Hundreds of students have caught a new vision of life within its walls, but it is plainly inadequate for the present demands of the Normal School. Sentiment and tender associations must yield and be reconciled to the new and better building.

The new building will be a fine example of architecture, probably the finest among the school buildings of the State. It will also be a practical building for school work. It will prove that it is possible to combine good architecture and practical work in the same building. A study of the school buildings of this State would seem to indicate that this fact is impossible. It will also prove that a building of fine architectural quality can be built at as low a cost as any other kind of building, for architecture, after all, is but right proportions of lines.

The building will be of classic design, 265 feet long, 65 feet wide, and three stories in height. The outside walls will be of light brick, trimmed with limestone and terra cotta. The eight fluted Corinthian Columns in front will be of Indiana limestone, the wood trim throughout the building will be of quarter sawed oak. From its fine site, it will present an imposing appearance and is sure to be the pride of the school, the city, and the State. It will be ready for occupancy September, 1916.

The building will contain a fine auditorium, large library, study halls, society rooms, rooms for domestic science and domestic art, biological laboratory, chemical and physical laboratory, two science lecture rooms, music rooms, offices, manual training, lunch room, and general recitation rooms.

Acrostic

Fairmont Normal, Fairmont Normal.
All our hopes in thee are staid;
In thee our trust reposes firm;
Round thy name a halo made.
Memories of happy days,
Only such as students know,
Never will forgotten be,—
The joys of years that come and go.

Now, as we yet linger near
Our school and our friends so true,
Regrets of the parting to come,
Many thoughts of our efforts, too,
And teachers, so earnest and faithful.
Leave memories, Fairmont, of you.

So here's to our Alma Mater,
Colors yellow and white,
Here's to her teachers and students,
Our comrades in fighting the fight.
O Fairmont Normal, the class of '15
Looks to you as a bright beacon light.

Blaine Smith, '15.

To George H. Shafer, A. M.

A true, loyal, enthusiastic and
much loved teacher
in the

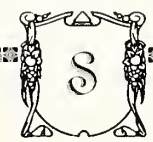
Fairmont State Normal School

this, the eighth volume
of

The Mound

is respectfully dedicated
by the

Seniors of 1915



GEORGE H. SHAFER, A. M.

GEORGE H. SHAFER

George Herbert Shafer was born March 8, 1879, at Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

His early edueation was reeeived in the rural schools of that vicinity, and later he attended Fairview Academy, at Broadheadsville, for two years. In 1898 he graduated from Dickinson Seminary, with one year's college work to his credit. In the fall of 1898 he entered Allegheney College and completed two more years of college work. During the school year of 1905-1906, he finished his collegiate course at the University of Chattanooga, reeeiving his bachelor's degree. During the years from 1906 to 1910 he studied several summer terms in the University of Pennsylvania and New York University.

In 1910 Mr. Shafer was honored by successive elections as Research Scholar in Columbia University; Fellow in Pedagogy, New York University; and University Fellow in Psychology, Clark University. During the school year 1910-11, he studied in Clark University, and in June 1911 he reeeived his master's degree from that institution.

Mr. Shafer's career as an educator began in the rural schools of his native state and has been one of breadth, variety, and uninterrnpted success. After leaving Allegheney College, he served one year as principal of Graham Collegiate Institute, and from 1902 to 1905 was superintendent of schools at Del Norte, Colorado. In 1908 he returned to his native state to accept a posiiton as Professor of Pedagogy in the State Normal School at Edinboro, where he remained three years.

In the summer of 1911, just after receiving his master's degree from Clark University, Mr. Shafer came to Fairmont as a member of the faculty of the Fairmont State Normal School during the summer term, and his work here at that time was of such a high character that he was retained as a member of the faculty for the ensuing school year, which position he yet retains as Head of the Department of Education and Superintendent of the Training School.

During Mr. Shafer's stay at the Fairmont Normal School, the Department of Education, particularly the training school, has been strengthened and enlarged until it has reached a standard of efficiency second to that of few, if any, normal schools in the country, and it is largely due to his untiring efforts in behalf of the school that this gratifying condition has been brought about.

So, in grateful appreciation of Mr. Shafer's serviees at the Fairmont Normal School, and his devotion to the students, both as teaeher and friend, the Seniors of 1915 consider it a privilege and an honor to dedicate to him this, the eighth, volume of THE MOUND.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

O. I. WOODLEY, A. M.
President.

NEW NORMAL SCHOOL SONG

(Tune: Austrian Hymn.)

We all love you, Fairmont Normal,
For your service true and great;
For the influence you have scattered
For the welfare of the state.
You have stood for country's honor,
For true manhood and for right
Fairmont Normal, Fairmont Normal.
You have been so fair and bright.

Here we find, Oh Fairmont Normal,
Cherished memories we hold dear.
Here are men whose aim is service,
Who are loyal and sincere.
Here are found strong hearts and eager
Ready to defend your name.
Fairmont Normal, Fairmont Normal,
We all glory in your fame.

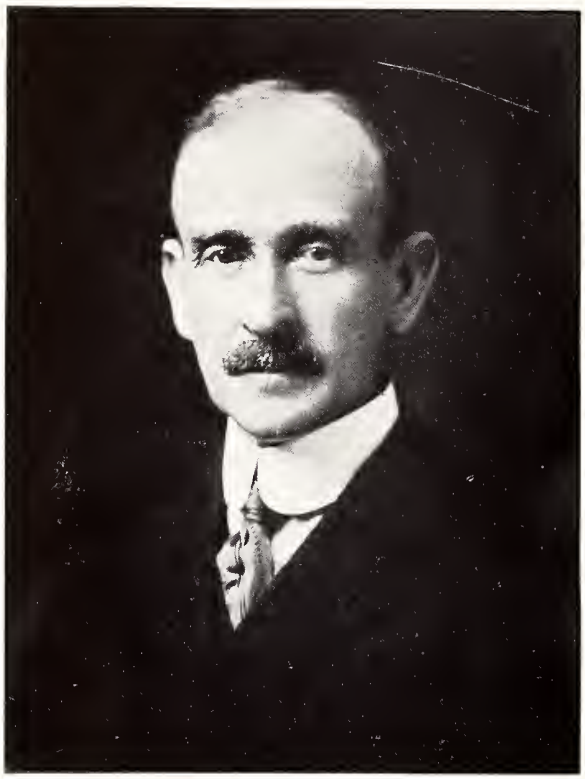
In the future, Fairmont Normal,
You will have a glorious name.
You will be a loyal daughter
Adding to Columbia's fame.
You will stand for fame and honor
Stand for God, for truth and right.
Fairmont Normal, Fairmont Normal,
You will be a beacon light.

WALTER BARNES, A. M.
Head of English Department.

MRS. N. R. C. MORROW, A. M.
English.

DORCAS PRICHARD, A. B.
Dean of Women; History.

E. L. LIVELY, B. Sc. Agr.
Biology and Agriculture.



E. E. MERCER, A. B.
Mathematics.

ELIZABETH M. STALNAKER, A. B.
Education; Modern Languages.

HAROLD F. ROGERS, A. M.
Physics and Chemistry.

ETHEL ICE, A. B.
Mathematics.

BEATRICE FITZWATER,
Expression.

MARY JANE EATON,
Drawing and Sewing.

INEZ M. JOHNSON, A. B.
Education.

H. C. BRAKE, A. B.
Latin; Faculty Manager of Athletics.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

LAURA F. LEWIS, A. B.
English.

NELL McCONNELL, B. S.
Domestic Science

ROLLIN V. DAVIS,
Special; Baseball Coach.

AMY ROGERS RICE,
Piano.

RANSOM A. MACKIE, M. A.
History.

MRS. EMORY F. McKINNEY,
Librarian.

MRS. ALLEDA SNYDER,
Matron.

LETTIE JENNINGS
Secretary to President.

FACULTY LIMERICKS

Our President's name, it is Woodley;
He treats everybody real goodly,
That the school runs so smooth
Is a mystery in sooth
That's not very well understoodly.

There is a wise teacher named Barnes,
Far-famed as a reader of "yarns."
He'll begin at daylight,
Then he'll read half the night,
This book-loving teacher named Barnes.

Mr. Lively, he teaches us "Ag,"
And helps us catch bugs in a bag.
And whenever he tries,
To catch butterflies,
The students do certainly lag.

We have a kind teacher named Shafer,
And to get in his classes all pray for.
His scoldings are few,
We love him we do,
This popular teacher named Shafer.

We wanted a good supervisor,
So we strayed near the city of Keyser.
Miss Johnson we got,
We rejoice at our lot
And we know that we'll ne'er find a nicer.

There's one for her beauty is noted;
The fairest of fair she is voted;
Stalnaker's her name,
And great is her fame,
And oft by her students she's quoted.

There is also a teacher named Ice,
Whom the Freshies all think very nice.
They always do find,
Her a teacher most kind,
And her efforts with them do suffice.

Miss Prichard is known as our "Dean."
And oft at the Dorm she is seen.
In a manner quite nice,
She gives us advice,
This lady, so fair and so lean.

There's a very fine teacher named Morrow;
To lose her would bring us all sorrow.
She's kind and she's sweet,
In fact hard to beat.
Her recipe others should borrow.

Mr. Mercer, we all call him "Daddy,"
He's respected by each lass and laddie.
Though Geometry's hard,
And few of us starred,
We are glad that we had it to "Daddy."

There is a dear teacher named Lewis,
Whose keen eye has oft-times looked thru us.
Her class seldom dreams
When she reads English Themes,
And tells of the good they will do us.

There's another learned teacher named Brake.
Who loves Latin, for Latin's sweet sake.
But he us oft disturbs,
By asking for verbs,
While we sit in our class-chairs and quake.

There once was a teacher named Mackie,
Who talked with his hands on his backie.
You could tell at a look,
He was writing a book,
'Cause he carried it round in his sackie.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

Miss McConnell is training the Cooks.
And from her we learn more than from books.
We fry and we bake,
And great dishes we make,
The Normal School Cookery Cooks.

A teacher we have, named Fitzwater,
And we students are glad that we got her.
With dramatic art,
She rejoices the heart,
Yes, we're glad for the notion that brought her.

There's a jovial teacher named Rogers.
Who taught a big class of young codgers
How to make a big spark
Jump a mile in the dark
This jolly nice teacher named Rogers.

There's a teacher well-known as "Coach" Davis
And he from defeat oft does save us.
When he says "Play ball"
We applaud one and all,
And are glad for the help that he gave us.

Miss Eaton can teach us to sew,
And how to make pictures she'll show.
She is wonderfully clever,
And with increased endeavor
Much more of her science we'd know.

Miss Jennings is our Secretary,
She is never the least bit contrary.
She has ever a smile
Lonely hearts to beguile,
That's why in the office we tarry.

Mrs. McKinney does really show skill
In the library—a place hard to fill.
If there is any noise,
Made by girls or boys,
She gives them a glance fit to kill.

There is a preceptress named Snyder,
And the girls at the Dorm must abide her.
    At enforcing the rule
    Of this old Normal School,
You would think there is none else beside her.

There is a musician named Rice,
Who plays exceedingly nice.
    The organ she adores,
    On the piano she soars,
And her musical charms doth entice.

TWO SCHOLARS.

The scholar in his sanctum
  Ponders o'er his books,
Studies hills, and valleys,
  Rivers, creeks and brooks.
Ponders through his botany,
  Agronomy and such,
Then, draws the conclusion
  That we don't know much.

The scholastic man of nature,
  Looks about upon the world,
Sees the lovely things of nature
  All before his eyes unfurled.
Sees them in their beauty,
  Clothed in majesty and light,
And his mind's horizen broadens
  To a freer, clearer light.

M. H. '17.

TRAINING SCHOOL FACULTY.

TRAINING SCHOOL FACULTY

W. E. Buckey ..... Principal
Blanche Henry ..... Eighth Grade
Florence White ..... Seventh Grade
Evelyn Prickett ..... Sixth Grade
Gertrude Creel ..... Fifth Grade
Jennie Harshbarger ..... Fourth Grade
Susan Foiren ..... Third Grade
Agnes Erwin ..... Second Grade
Inez Brookfield ..... First Grade

OLD NORMAL SCHOOL SONG

(Tune: "Cuyahoga's Waters.")

By the swift Monongahela, with its waters blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater, glorious to view;
Far above the noisy humming of the busy town,
Reared against the arch of heaven, looks she proudly down.

Chorus.

Raise the chorus, speed it onward,
Ever thou shalt rule.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Fairmont Normal School.

Firm upon a South Side hill top rise her red brick walls;
Firmer may her sons and daughters press on through her halls.
When with moments swiftly flying, ages roll between,
Sons as yet unborn shall hail thee, Alma Mater, Queen.

Chorus: Raise the chorus, etc.

Hear the rippling of the waters as they glide along;
Listen to the mountain breezes, West Virginia's song.
Students join in shouts of gladness, and the echoed call
Loud proclaims the Fairmont Normal is the best of all.

Chorus: Raise the chorus, etc.

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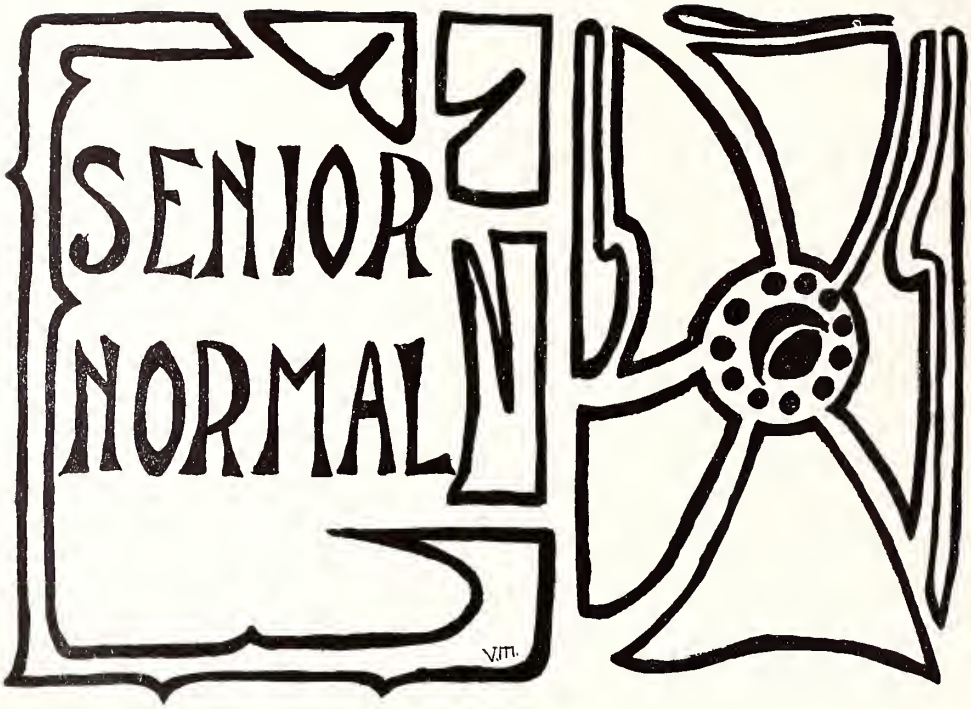

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Thomas E. Hunt
Vice President ..... Roy Underwood
Secretary ..... Lulu Evans
Treasurer ..... Arma Bing
Historian ..... Madeline Gaskill,
Poet ..... Nell Prichard
Artist ..... Ruth Phillips
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Shafer

CLASS MOTTO: ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

CLASS COLORS: MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS FLOWER: RED ROSE.

THOMAS EDWARD HUNT

Tunnelton, W. Va.

Lyceum; Pres., '14; Vice Pres., '15.
Pres. Class, '14-'15.
Bus. Mgr. Mound, '15.
Vice Pres., Student Body, '14-'15.
Baseball, '14-'15.
J. S. T. C.

"An honest man he is and hates
The slime that sticks on filthy deeds."

LULU EVANS,

Gafton, W. Va.

Mozart; Sec'y., '15.
Y. W. C. A. J. S. T. C.
Sec'y. Class '15.

"By her life alone, gracious and sweet,
The better way was shown."

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ROY UNDERWOOD,

Shirley, W. Va.

Lyceum; Pres. '15; Vice Pres., '14.
Vice Pres. Class, '15.
Ass't. Editor of Mound, '15.
Baseball, '15. J. S. T. C.

"Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man.'"

ARMA EUDORA BING,

Elkins, W. Va.

Mozart; Sec'y., '13; Contest, '14.
Ass't. Librarian, '12-'13-'14.
Sec'y. Class, '15, 3 yrs.
Treas. Student Body, '13-'14.
Joke Editor of Mound, '15.
Pres., Y. W. C. A., '14-'15.
Vice Pres., J. S. T. C.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

MADALINE GASKILL,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.
Class Historian, '15.
Y. W. C. A.

"Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!"

CHARLES F. DANSER,
Tunnelton, W. Va.

Lyceum; Pres. '14-'15; Doorkeeper '14. Treasurer, '14.
Sec'y. Y. M. C. A.
Ass't. Bus. Mgr. Mound, '15.
Mgr. Normal Lecture Course, '14-'15.

"Tho modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written: 'Gentleman.' "

MARY BURNS.

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum; Contestant, '15.
Class Historian, '13-'14.
J. S. T. C.

"Powerful, precise, prompt, (?)
pretty."

MARY P. BARRETT.

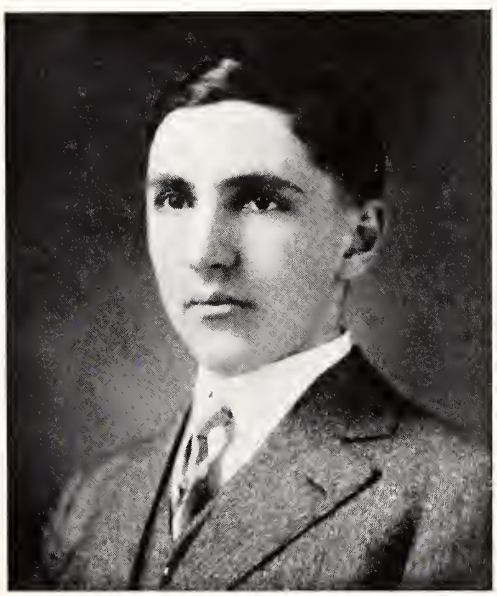
Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart.
Class Artist, '15.
Pres. J. S. T. C.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love."

JEAN BILLINGSLEA.
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.
Mound Artist, '15.
Y. W. C. A.
"Bizzy, bizzy, in a tin lizzy."



ARDEN HALBRITTER.
Tunnelton, W. Va.

Lyceum.
Basket Ball. Y. M. C. A.

"Deeds, rather than words."

AUDREY DOUGLASS,

Point Marion, Pa.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A., J. S. T. C.

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

RUTH EVANS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

"Little, but mighty."

RUTH FISHER,

Morgantown, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.

"Her very foot has music in it,
When she comes up the stairs."

ZELLA GRACE FORTNEY,

Shinnston, W. Va.

Y. W. C. A.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

EDNA MILLER,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.

Pasket Ball; Captain, '15.

"And mistress of herself, though china fall."

CHARLES HOLLAND,

Little Falls, W. Va.

Mozart. J. S. T. C.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

ERMA HENRY,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

"What she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest,
best."

BLANCHE HILL—STIPES.

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and
low;
An excellent thing in a woman."

MARY CECIL KENNEDY,

Hundred, W. Va.

Mozart; Vice Pres., '15.
Sec'y. Student Body, '15.
Basket Ball, '14-'15.
Athletic Editor Mound, '15.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
J. S. T. C.

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

CHARLES HUPP,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart; Contestant, '15; Pres., '14.
Student Member Lecture Course Com., '15.

"Worth, courage, honor; these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

JEAN LYNN,

Kingmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

Basket Ball, '14-'15.

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray."

CORA LEE MONROE.

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mozart; Contestant, '15; Sec'y. and Critic, '14.

Adv. Mgr. Mound, '15.

"I can do what any man can, and so I am a match for all."

MATILDA McKINNEY,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.

Ass't. Librarian, '15.

"Such serenity of manners requires serenity of mind."

CLARK L. RUSK,

Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart; Pres., '14; Doorkeeper, '14, Treasurer, '14.

Y. M. C. A.

"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

MARY MORRISON,

Bridgeport, W. Va.

Lyceum; Sec'y., '13-'14.

Y. W. C. A. J. S. T. C.

"And ne'er did Grecian trace
A nymph, naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form or lovlier face."

HAZEL McKINNEY,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A. ,

"Not satisfied with any thing less than a big, broadshouldered and muscular man."

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

ELIZABETH POSTEN,

Morgantown, W. Va.

Mozart.
Y. W. C. A.; Cabinet Member, '13-'14.
Basket Ball, '13.

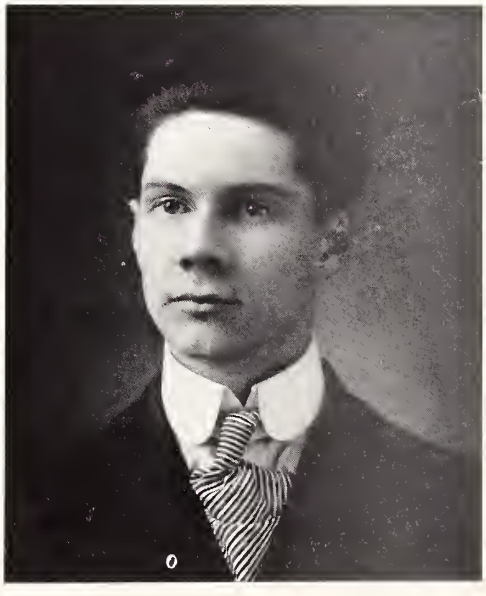
"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture and appliance."

BLAINE SMITH,

Middlebourne, W. Va.

Lyceum; Pres., '15; Doorkeeper, '15.
Editor-in-chief Mound, '15.
Valedictorian Class of '15.
J. S. T. C.

"His heart was one of those which most
enamour us;
Wax to receive and marble to retain."



NELLIE PATTERSON,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart. J. S. T. C.

"Yet if he love and his love hold,
We, too, shall meet at court hereafter."

RUTH PHILLIPS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum; Sec'y., '14.
Basket Ball, '15.
Mound Artist, '14-'15.
Y. W. C. A.

"She will marry, they say,
And live in a cottage with Jay."

GEORGIANA POWNALL,

Keyser, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A., J. S. T. C.
Treas., Class of '15; '14.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

ALICE QUIRK,

Mannington, W. Va.

Mozart.
Salutatorian, Class of '15.
J. S. T. C.; Sec'y., '15.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

LOUISE RECTOR,

Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart; Treas., '15.
Y. W. C. A.; Treas., '14; Cabinet, '14.
J. S. T. C.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth."

ETHEL RIGGLEMAN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.
Y. W. C. A. J. S. T. C.

"Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won."

JEAN RITCHIE,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.
Y. W. C. A.; Cabinet member, '15.

"But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love forever."

LENA GRACE ROBINSON,

Barrackville, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

"Your words bring daylight with them
when they speak."

EDNA STEVENS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W.. C. A.

"Her greatest ambition is to teach in a rural school. We wonder why."

FAY STURM,

Enterprise, W. Va.

Lyceum; Reading Contestant, '14.
Y. W. C. A.

"A wee little Freshie named Blake
She feeds every day on corn-flake."

LILY SPIER,

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mozart.

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."

EVA M. SUMMERS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. J. S. T. C.

"A little work and a little play
To keep us going—so good-day."

BONNIE STALNAKER,

Flatwoods, W. Va.

Mozart; Sec'y., '14.
J. S. T. C. Y. W. C. A.

"A woman mixed of fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what
she was."

GRACE VAN HORN,

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Mozart.
Sec'y. Student Body Association, '13-'14.
Basket Ball; Captain, '14.
Mound Athletic Editor, '15.
Y. W. C. A.

"I am simply crazy about her."

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

LILLIE WATERS,

Grafton, W. Va.

Lyceum.
Associate Editor Bulletin.
J. S. T. C.
Y. W. C. A.; Cabinet Member, '13-'14.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

HAZEL M. ZINN,

Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart.
Y. W. C. A. J. S. T. C.

"In virtues, nothing earthly could surpass her."

MARY MOORE,

Keyser, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

"If to her share any female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

LOUISE BOEHM,
Fairmont, W. Va.

HATTIE BOGGS,
Charleston, W. Va.

NEVA FITZHUGH,
Fairmont, W. Va.

FRANK GOFF,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

GWENDOLYN HANLEY,
Mannington, W. Va.

MINNIE ISENHART,
Farmington, W. Va.

DOTIA KERN
Fairmont, W. Va.

JOSEPHINE MARTIN,
Enterprise, W. Va.

EVA MAY,
Fairmont, W. Va.

NELL PRICHARD,
Fairmont, W. Va.

GERTRUDE SHAFFERMAN,
Newburg, W. Va.

MAGGIE TRICKETT,
Fairmont, W. Va.

SENIOR NORMAL CLASS HISTORY

"Stop, please, sir! My story's brief,
And truth it shall relate:
I tell no common tale of grief,
But a class's progress state."

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

So wrote Bryant of Autumn; and so write we of June. For within a few days this class will bid farewell to Fairmont Normal and go forth into the world to make its way. Then its members will become separated, never again to be together under ties as strong as those which now bind them. So before these eight men and forty-eight young women disband, it is well to consider for a time this illustrious body.

Its exact origin is not known, but its members seem to have come from all ends of the state to unite in this one group. According to tradition, the first specimens arrived some five years ago, then crude, undeveloped Freshmen. Each fall there was a re-enforcement, until in 1913 there came across from Fairmont High a final inrush of girls. All thru the years there has been coming and going, a mingling and separating. Now emerges from this refining process the finished product, the Senior Normal Class of 1915.

Its development may be set forth under this analogy:

Almost half a dozen years ago, one fine autumn morning a barefooted youth came up the brick walk to the Normal building. He entered and paid his tuition at the office. After a year he appeared again to go thru that preliminary, but no longer were his feet unshod; instead, he wore great heavy boots. Three hundred and sixty-five more days passed away, and then the same young man went thru the old process—lo, in buttoned shoes. In time he was seen in English walking style. To-day he has reached the present civilization; now he is shod in patent leathers with cloth tops.

This parable represents the external, but it can not reveal the internal. It can only signify in some small way its growth. Here our barren minds have gone thru the various stages of cultivation; and here at last the seeds of modern pedagogy have been implanted. Surely the ground is so well prepared that these seeds will develop; surely the members of this class will become such teachers as have never yet been presented to the State of West Virginia.

M. G. '15.

LIMERICKS

There was a young man from the Normal
Who aimed to be graceful and formal,
    But when with a maid,
    On the campus he strayed,
They said "This young man is abnormal."

There was a young man of this school,
Who said "I will break every rule."
    The faculty sat
    And expelled him for that,
Now he says "Oh, what a poor fool."

There was a little girl named Fay
Who never lacked something to say.
    With musical flow
    Her words come and go,
This precious talkative Fay.

I know a young student named Holden
Whose hands to be holden are colden.
    The joke's not on me,
    So none of your glee,
But Hazel this fact to me tolden.

There was a young fellow called Bridges,
Who spent one summer down in the Blue Ridges.
    Now when he looks at the skies
    He sees only the eyes
Of the girl he loved in the Blue Ridges.

Once because of a storm,
I planned to sleep at the Dorm.
    But I was hardly in bed,
    When a bell at my head,
Put an end to my sleep at the Dorm.

There was once a teacher named Morrow
Who caused her pupils much sorrow,
    For one day she said:
    "Ivanhoe must be read!
If you haven't a book you can borrow."

A man called Cook
Gave Rebecca a look,
Coming to school one day.
Though strange since this
The determined young Miss
Says she'll be a good "Cook" some day.

There were some girls from the Dorm
Who could not to strict rules conform,
    So a night feast they planned,
    But the whole bunch got "canned",
These jolly young girls from the Dorm.

There once was a Senior named Pearl,
A very adorable girl.
  To tell you a fact,
  She decided to act,
Since "Everywoman" made her head whirl.

SENIOR ACADEMIC

CLASS OFFICERS

President	B. A. Lovett
Vice Pres.	G. T. Federer
Secretary	Lucile Shain
Treasurer	Edward Skinner
Doorkeeper	Forrest R. Fortney
Historian	Marjorie Ruth Ross
Poet	Rebecca Rutherford
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Lively

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

CLASS COLORS—OLD GOLD AND BLUE.

CLASS MOTTO—NULLI SECUNDUS.

B. A. LOVETT,

Weston, W. Va.

Mozart.
Y. M. C. A.
Pres. Class '12-'15.
Business Mgr. Mound '15.
Salutatorian, Class of '15.

"Describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."

LUCILE SHAIN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.
Mound Ass't. Editor, '15.
Sec'y. Class, '15.

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked upon."

G. T. FEDERER,

Morgantown, W. Va.

Lyceum; Ex-Pres.; Contestant '13.
Ex-Pres. Class, '11.
Basket Ball Mgr. '15.

"He speaks in words that kindle glory
from the Stone."

REBECCA RUTHERFORD,

Cairo, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.
Literary Associate, Mound, '15.
Class Poet, '15.
Valedictorian, Class of '15.

"I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

FORREST REED FORTNEY,

Dola, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. M. C. A.
Mound Artist, '15
Basket Ball, '15.

"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were dashing, gallant, yet bland."

ARTA FEROL MILLER,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Mound Editor, '15.

"It is good,
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

CLAUDE HEVENER,

Roanoke, W. Va.

Lyceum; Ex-Pres.; Inter-Society Contest, Debater, '14; Orator, '15.
Base Ball '14-'15.
Basket Ball '15.

"Hail Independence! by true reason taught."

EDITH GRACE MATTHEWS,

Independence, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.
Joke Editor Mound, '15

"This our witty, well-employed Grace,
With a cast of thot upon her face."

WILLIAM G. MILLER,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Baseball '14-'15.

"His only books
Were woman's looks."

MARJORIE RUTH ROSS

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.
Y. W. C. A.: Cabinet Member.
Class Historian, '15.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

HARRY CONAWAY,

Barrackville, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. M. C. A.

"With thee conversing,
I forget all time,
All seasons and their changes,
All please alike."

LAETAZELLE SNYDER,

Moscow Mills, Md.

Mozart; Ex-Pres., '15.
Y. W. C. A.; Vice Pres., '15.
Mound Artist, '15.
"And her modest answer and graceful
air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

GEORGE FEDERER, Jr.

Morgantown, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. M. C. A.

"I dare do all that doth become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

MADELINE FLEMING,

Fairview, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.
Sec'y. Class, '13-'14.

"There's language in her eyes, her cheek, her lip."

HARRY STEWART,

Barrackville, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. M. C. A.
Ass't. Bus. Mgr. Mound '15.
Senior Basket Ball Team.

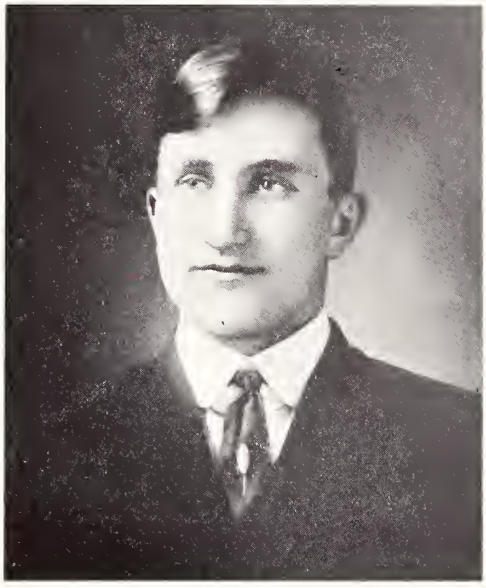
"When men are rightly occupied, their amusments grow out of their work."

MARGUERITE PRICKETT,

Montana Mines, W. Va.

Lyceum.

"Silence often of pure innocence persuades, when speaking fails."



WILLIAM HUGHES,

Farmington, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. M. C. A.
Athletic Editor Mound, '15

Member Track Team, '14.

"'Tis good will makes intelligence."

VIRGEAN HALE,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.

"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

GLENN MARTIN,

Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

MARY MADGE BRAKE,

Auburn, W. Va.

Mozart; Ex-Sec'y. and Critic.
Y. W. C. A.
Joke Editor, Mound, '15.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and found many a one."

CHARLES HUGHES,

Farmington, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. M. C. A.
Senior Basket Ball '15.

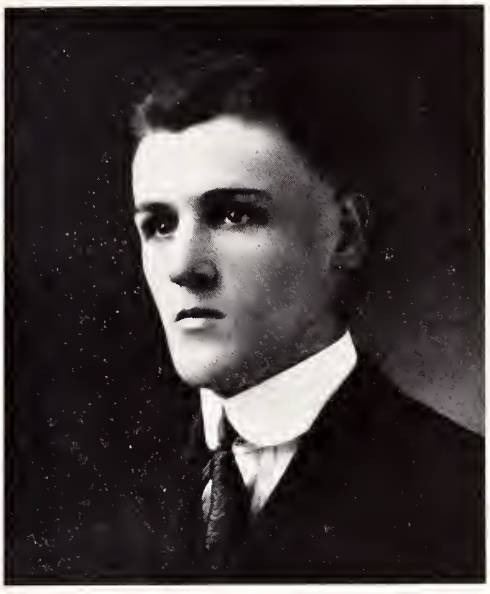
"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

PEARL THOMAS,

Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.
Chairman Bible Study Committee.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal never beat
within a human breast."



O. D. SHAFER,

Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart; Ex-Vice Pres. Y. M. C. A.
Senior Basket Ball, '15.

"A native grace, ennobling life,
Deeper and richer lies in no gentleman."

CADDIE MATHEWS,

Cameron, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

"We who now behold thee
Have not skill enough your worth to sing."

GLENN CARTER,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.

"If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it."

ELIZABETH GIFFIN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum. Y. W. C. A.

"How few have known and prized thee
as they ought."

CHESTER ROBINSON,

Brown, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. M. C. A.

"A very perfect, gentle knight."

AMANDA McCORD,

Fairview, W. Va.

Mozart. Y. W. C. A.
Literary Associate Mound, '15.

"Smooth runs the water where the stream is deep."

HENRY ORR,

Independence, W. Va.

Mozart, Ex-Pres.; Ex-Treas.

"Let a man know his worth and keep things under his feet."

RALPH WATKINS,

Watson, W. Va.

EDNA STURM,

Grafton, W. Va.

EFFIE STURM,

Grafton, W. Va.

JENNIE LILLIAN DOWNS,

Farmington, W. Va.

MARY MARTIN,

Parkersburg, W. Va.

JESSIE NEPTUNE,

Barrackville, W. Va.

ZACHARIAH DAVIS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

MABEL TOOTHMAN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

A GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH

(Senior Academic Class History.)

In the year 1911-1912, a party of eighty tourists decided to make some explorations into the field of general knowledge and chose Fairmont as a central point from which to start. Four side-trips were planned for the first year.

Having heard so much about Mt. Algebra the party decided to visit this well known peak, and were guided on this excursion by Mr. Mercer. They encountered many unknown and undiscovered regions which they marked x, y, and z on their map of the territory. Many unknown places were located while going through the "Quadratic Pass", and here some members of the party fell behind; but after exploring all the new paths, they soon caught up with the party, again to join in the festivities of "the Graph."

The next trip which this mighty band of explorers undertook was a voyage down the long river "History." Setting forth from the source of this river, they sailed serenely past the ancient towns resplendent with Oriental luxury, down past the beautiful Grecian Parthenon, with its marvelous architecture, and on and on until they reached a Roman citadel where they were almost stopped by legions of armed soldiers; but they luckily escaped. At this point they were met by Mr. Lively, who suggested a "hike" into the "realm of Nature." He led them on through picturesque ravines and through forests, and the wild flowers which grew there felt themselves wilt when they realized that botany explorers were in their midst.

From this wooded region of nature, the party then walked in to the English Meadow, with Mrs. Morrow as chaperone, and here all nature seemed to re-echo beautiful music. Leisurely they strolled on to the "Spring of Harvey's Grammar," of which each thirsty pilgrim drank freely. Their guide explained that these springs were the source of two brooklets, which they would explore farther on in their travels.

Another prominent feature of the first year's tour was a journey to "Ancient Latin Regions." They did not suppose that this trip would be very pleasant; but they knew that they must take it before the world would think them educated. Mr. Stooksberry was the able guide chosen to go with them, and although they had great difficulty in passing the dangerous reefs, Gender, Mode and Case, they felt upon their arrival that the trip was not as horrible as had been their dream which they had had of it in the past.

When the year 1912-1913 came around, a party of tourists again came to sign up for some trips with the "General Scouting and Exploring Party." Mrs. Morrow was again to lead the explorers from Mt. Metaphor down the brooklet past Personification, to Lake Simile.

They then persuaded Mr. Lively again to be their leader, and asked him to take them over the "Plains of Agriculture." They spent much of their

time at "Campus Garden," and at a certain "poplar" tree which was very popular at that time because the San Jose scale could be found upon its branches.

After the "hike" into Agriculture, an expedition was planned to the great "Battlefield of Gaul." This time the party rode to their destination. The guide, Mr. Davis, Sr., rode a large white horse, while the members of the party followed behind on white ponies. Many difficult passages were crossed without much trouble on the part of the travelers, because ponies are very sure-footed animals. This trip was indeed hard on the ponies, and although they received much personal attention and good care, some of them were almost worn out when the trip was over, and they were set free in the June pasture.

The Juniors who entered the Normal in 1913-14 to gain their share of the knowledge which would otherwise be wasted, found that not all of their number of the former years had returned, but found to their pleasure that some other folks had come to take their places.

Mt. Geometry was the first place mentioned which appealed to all present, and as soon as they could get Mr. Mercer for a guide the party started. They went over triangles and parallelograms, through circles, between parallel lines, and under arcs, until they reached the summit Q. E. D. where they arrived safely, but they were sorry to have lost some members at "To Prove, To Pass."

At this point in their travels, the persons who made up the party, divided into two sections, one going to Deutschland under Fraulein Stalnaker's guidance, and the other to stroll through Ancient Rome. Fraulein Stalnaker's division explored "Ich bin" territory, and then wandered to Immensee with Rheinhart and Elizabeth where they saw their troubles fade away as a water lily.

The smaller division of the party wishing to visit "Italia," went forth under sunny skies, led by Mr. Higby, to bask, as it were, in the Italian sunshine and to wander leisurely through the Roman Forum.

Miss Lewis and Miss Keyser then took charge of the party and went rowing up the "Lake of American Literature." It was a bright moonlight evening, and a land of sea nymphs led them on over the charmed water until they were entirely at sea. Finally the guides called them back to their senses by saying that the "Annual Examination Storm" was approaching and they must review their course and return once more to the dry land before the storm overtook them. For "Woe be unto" the one who is at sea when the annual examinations overtake him.

They hastened to shore and all survived the storm. After resting one year they were ready to finish exploring the "Land of Knowledge."

This last year was one of pleasant experience for the members of the party, notwithstanding the fact that another class known as Senior Normals gave them some trouble.

Their first trip was to see a great electrical demonstration under the surveillance of Mr. Rogers. Here they saw all kinds of lights and flame, and here it was that a great deal of "sparking" took place. They learned that electricity is an excellent hair tonic, as it makes Mr. Rogers hair stand on end. On this trip they also learned that while "Its a long long way to Tipperary," its much farther to the moon.

One division of this party again went to Deutschland with their guide Miss Ice and were exploring the regions of "William Tell," when they became much frightened at the sudden outbreaking of war in the Swiss regions, and the entire party fled to Italian seas. There they saw a fleet tossing about in distress, and, recognizing the sailors, went up and found that this was a remnant of their former party, which had spent the past year in drifting about upon a great Latin sea, following in the paths of the Trojan fleet of Aeneas. They had attended a series of contests in Sicily, and were pleased to find that Mr. Brake was the person who gave the trophies. When this party learned of the terrible European war of Examinations in the north, they all agreed that it was high time that they should get out of this territory in which they were dependent upon others, and each one learn to fight his own battles.

Thus it was that when all the fleets had been gathered into one large ship called "Self Reliance," they drifted calmly out over the "violet" sea of life, with their "beautiful gold and blue flag floating proudly over them, and on June ninth, nineteen hundred and fifteen they found themselves safely anchored.

M. R. '15.

TO CONSCIENCE.

Kind friend and beloved critic,
I lift my heart in humble praise
To thee, with love and admiration.
'Tis thee, when I have wronged
My fellowman, and sinned against
God, that comes at the waning
Of the struggle and shows me
The wrongs; and with tender kindness
Gives me courage to enter again
On the battlefield, and encourage
The most sacred rights of love,
And humanity; and to redress
The wrongs that continually arise
To dethrone higher civilization.

M. H. '17.

SR. ACADEMIC CLASS POEM

In the Normal School of Fairmont town,
There is a class of great renown,
The Senior Academic.
Each teacher heralds far its fame,
And Mr. Woodley loves the name
Of the Senior Academic.

What is the class that's studious ever,
By all wise people counted clever?
The Senior Academic.
What class before it things have swept
Since into the Normal it has stepped?
The Senior Academic.

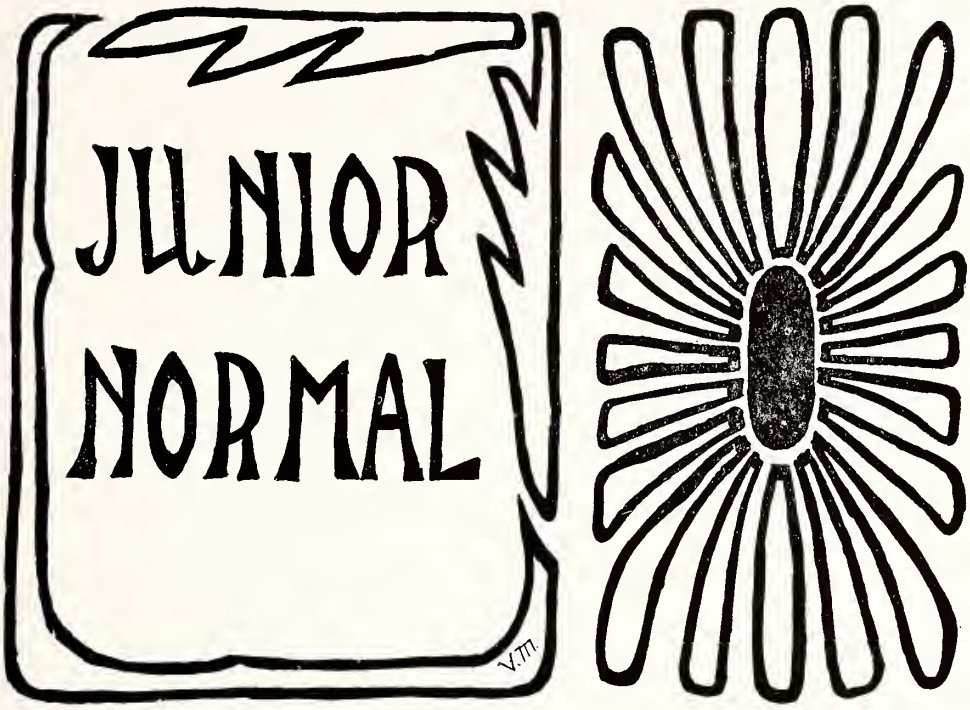
Where do you find the athletes strong?
And whom do you praise in contest song?
The Senior Academic.
On whom do the Freshies look with awe?
In whom can the Juniors find no flaw?
The Senior Academic.

Which is the class that makes things move?
What is the symbol of "brotherly love?"
The Senior Academic.
Where do you find class spirit high?
Where do they fight to the end or die?
In the Senior Academic.

What class will win honors untold?
What class waves proudly the blue and gold?
The Senior Academic.
For whom does the modest violet grow,
The loveliest of all flowers we know?
The Senior Academic.

Years after in old Fairmont town,
You'll hear from this class of wide renown,
The Senior Academic.
You will hear from afar of laurels won,
"Nulli secundus," second to none.
The Senior Academic.

Rebecca Rutherford '15.



JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Shirley D. Mayers

Vice President ..... Beatrice McConnell

Secretary ..... Anna Hammond

Treasurer ..... Paul Amos

Historian ..... Vinetta McCoy

Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Barnes

CLASS MOTTO—LET US LIVE WHILE WE LIVE.

CLASS FLOWER—DAISY.

CLASS COLORS—GREEN AND WHITE.

SHIRLEY D. MAYERS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Undoubtedly unmitigated, under utterance used uniformly, unceasinly, unsparingly, unnecessarily unto ultra-Utopia."

JESSIE BEATRICE McCONNELL,

Sherrard, W. Va.

We love her for her pleasant way,
Her kindness and all that.
Our only sorrow is that she
Is such a Democrat.

MARY LOUISE CONN,

Point Marion, Pa.

She despises old rye,
Tho she lives in a town
Which is not over dry.

PEARL FULTZ,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Said Miss Pearl Fultz to Mein Herr Shultz,
"Did you like girlies when you were ein Junge?"
"Ja wohl," said Herr Shultz, with a smile at Miss Fultz,
"Und du bist wie eine Blume."

ETTA MAE CONNELLY,

Mannington, W. Va.

Etta May is a quiet young lass,
Yet she's never failed an exam to pass.
Her great desire in life is to please,
Her motto is "Smile"; her hobby,
"Kimona teas."

NORA G. GAUGHAN,

Mannington, W. Va.

Nora's friendship's worth the winning,
Nora's Irish thru and thru.
Nora's mighty fond of "chinning"—
Lassies of her type are few.

JAYE HOPE SATTERFIELD,

Fairmont, W. Va.

A mother or a teacher,
Why not take the latter field?
"I may do both for feature,"
Said Miss J. Satterfield.

ANNA BELLE HAMMOND,

Moundsville, W. Va.

Anna Belle is a belle from Moundsville.
Is a belle such as Anna Belle hanging around still?
Nay, nay, Prunella, such is not the case
She escaped from Moundsville,
The "confining" old place.

MARY MANN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Said Mary Mann,
"I will marry a man,
Who is so rare a man
That he'll carry a fan!"
Oh, what a merry man
Will marry Mary Mann!

LULU BERNICE McMILLEN.

Mannington, W. Va.

Tho very small she likes to talk,
She'll be a teacher, maybe.
In giving facts about herself,
She said, "A pretty baby."

ALMA PETERS,

Keyser, W. Va.

This is our Alma, she of the smile.
Her cheery presence may be felt for a mile.
This is her motto—"Stick to it and win"
"Giggle," her watchword, weakness, "just Jim."

STANLEY PHILLIPS,

Tunnelton, W. Va.

Of all the boys in our class
There is only one who studies—
Perhaps it's the influence of fifty lassies
And only five of buddies.

HAZEL SPRING,

Fairmont, W. Va.

She is a Spring. She has a broad field from which to choose her life work, for—
She may bring happiness and flowers—Spring;
Moisten parched lips with cool, running liquid—a Spring.

HAZEL MYER STONE,

New Martinsville, W. Va.

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew."

PAUL E. AMOS,
Fairmont, W. Va.

CORA CLAYTON,
Fairmont, W. Va.

NEVADA A. CLAWSON,
Sistersville, W. Va.

SADIE D. CROWL,
Fairmont, W. Va.

HAZEL DILWORTH,
Grafton, W. Va.

ANNA E. FARRELL,
Fairmont, W. Va.

OLAN D. FEAR,
Fairmont, W. Va.

BESS GRAHAM,
Knox, Pa.

AMY GRIMES,
Fairmont, W. Va.

GLADYS HAMILL,
Blaine, W. Va.

DOROTHY HARRIS,
Glen Easton, W. Va.

ETHEL HARRIS,
Elkins, W. Va.

EVA HARTLEY,
Fairmont, W. Va.

ESTHER E. HENSEL,
Fairmont, W. Va.

MARY I. HIGH,
Keyser, W. Va.

ALTA HUFFMAN,
Fairmont, W. Va.

TOYIE A. HUPP,
Fairmont, W. Va.

EDITH KLAW,
Fairmont, W. Va.

BERTIE M. LUCAS,
Grafton, W. Va.

VINETTA McCOY,
Sistersville, W. Va.

EMMA McKOWN,
Fairmont, W. Va.

MABEL L. MINOR,
Fairmont, W. Va.

J. HARRY MORRIS,
Fairview, W. Va.

GEORGIA O. NEPTUNE,
Fairmont, W. Va.

MARGARET NICHOLS,
Elkins, W. Va.

EMMA E. NORTON,
Mannington, W. Va.

EMMA REXROAD,
Kingwood, W. Va.

GERALDINE RINEHART,
Shinnston, W. Va.

MARY SARSFIELD,
Fairmont, W. Va.

LOUISE H. SCHRODER,
Grafton, W. Va.

FAYNE SIGLER,
Fairmont, W. Va.

MABEL SILFIES,
Keyser, W. Va.

GERTRUDE SNYDER,
Mannington, W. Va.

MARIE STILLINGS,
Mannington, W. Va.

BEATRICE TENNANT,
Barrackville, W. Va.

PEARL VAN GILDER,
Fairmont, W. Va.

FLORENCE WAGNER,
Grafton, W. Va.

JEAN WEST,
Mannington, W. Va.

FAY R. WOODBURN,
Sistersville, W. Va.

JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS HISTORY

In the fifth year of the reign of King Oscar I, there came from the hills and the valleys of the land a half-hundred virgins, and sad to relate! only four youths, to sit at the feet of the great teacher in the king's palace at F. S. N. S.

They came not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon;
But soothed and sustained by an unaltering trust,
Approached the school like one
Who buckles on his armor and prepares to win.

And so it was at the beginning of their dwelling there, that they feared not the faculty, nor the mighty Seniors; only the great king did they fear. And the statutes and ordinances and the law, and the commandments which he wrote for them they did most steadfastly observe—with their eyes.

Now it came to pass in a few weeks after their arrival that this happy host, whom the King proudly called Juniors Normal, met in room XVI of the King's Mansion to choose from their rank officers to lead them safely through their first year as Normal students. One, Shirley Mayers, of the tribe of F. H. S., was called to be First Ruler; and for Second Ruler, Beatrice McConnell; and for Recording Scribe, Anna Hammond; and for Money Changer, Paul Amos; and for Chief Scribe, Vinetta McCoy; and they did that which was right in the sight of the King and waxed strong in his favor.

And into whatsoever field the King sent them they returned again to him victorious. Loudly did they sing praises for him in his chapel, softly did they tread in his most holy sanctum—the Library. Loyally did they cling steadfastly to him until the noon hour, and faithfully did they tell all they knew to his servants—the Faculty. And when the year was half gone he gave each his reward.

And behold it came to pass that the fame of this class spread abroad throughout the Kingdom, yea, some of them were even engaged, by the King's servant, R. A. Mackie, to assist him in epitomizing the works of one G. Stanley Hall and his disciples.

In those days when cold winds began to blow and snow to fall, the King began to send against other kingdoms of the land his quintette of strong athletes to do battle at basket ball. Forthwith a cry went up for a leader to cheer these youths, and to bring harmonius yells from those at home. And so it was that the Junior President, being most agile and best fitted, was chosen.

Because they have obeyed the voice of the King and have done what was pleasing in his sight, he has prospered them. Furthermore he hath promised them great things for next year.

Now the rest of the acts of this glorious class, and their greatness, behold they are written in the memory of King Oscar. Lo! when the time is right, he shall tell of them.

HISTORIAN.

JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS SONG

(Tune, Die Lorelei.)

I know not what is the meaning
That the Seniors can't compare
With the Juniors of the Fairmont Normal,
Who are exceedingly rare.
The Juniors have won many honors
And triumphantly sail on;
'Neath colors Maroon and Cream
They'll ever sing their song.

Come all you merry Juniors,
Let's be happy while we may;
Next year we'll all be Seniors
Working night and day.
The year will then pass quickly,
Our work will soon be o'er,
So here's to Fairmont Normal
May she flourish for ever more.

M. S. '16.

———o———

TEN LITTLE DORM GIRLS

Ten little Dorm girls standing in a line,
One flunked in an exam., and now there are nine.
Nine little Dorm girls dancing to their fate,
One went into vaudeville and now there are eight.
Eight little Dorm girls, eyes cast up to heaven,
One sassed the President, and now there are seven.
Seven little Dorm girls full of cunning tricks,
One played one too many, and now there are six.
Six little Dorm girls very much alive,
One kicked about the "Eats" and now there are five.
Five little Dorm girls, Dean got sore,
One doesn't have to stay, now there are four.
Four little Dorm girls, sweet as they could be,
One loved a Normal boy, now there are three.
Three little Dorm girls, one with eyes of blue,
She used them on a handsome man, now there are two.
Two little Dorm girls having lots of fun,
One got the mumps, now there is one.
One little Dorm girl standing all alone,
She got a case of blues, now there are none.

JUNIOR
ACADEMIC
V.M

JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

President ..... Lloyd C. Furbee
Vice President ..... R. Frank Payne
Secretary ..... Bertha Dilgard
Treasurer ..... Myron Speelman
Doorkeeper ..... Dewey Miller
Historian ..... Clara Baldwin
Poet ..... Daisy Watkins
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Stalnaker

Class Colors—Maroon and White.

Class Flower—Red and White Rose.

Motto—Labor omnia vincit.

CLASS YELL.

Lucy, lucky, lucky we!
We're as lucky as can be;
We're the luckiest class e'er seen
We're the class of 1916.

DREAMS OF GENIUS

It's easy to dream of Genius,
And of your glowing fame,
When you're just a common man,
With just a common name.

Just because you do a few things
That are beyond your ken,
You think you are the greatest man
That ever lived with men.

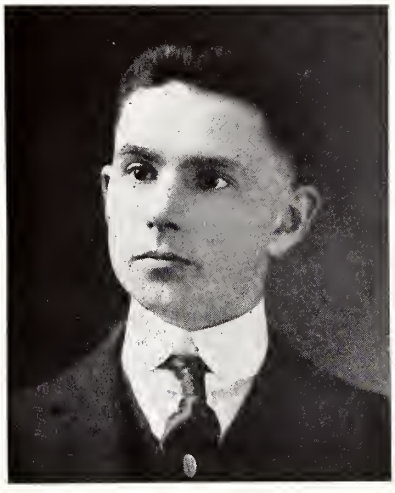
So you put on an imposing air,
And think you're very grand;
While people stand and stare—
Of course they understand.

MARVIN HAINES.

LLOYD FURBEE

Great Bend, Ohio.

"He does things quietly but none the less surely."



R. FRANK PAYNE

Phillippi, W. Va.

"If thou art human, feel my misery."

BERTHA DILGARD

Gormania, W. Va.

"One glance, one word from thee doth charm many more
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore."

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

MYRON SPEELMAN

Bruceton Mills, W. Va.

"A good natured boy who likes Irish girls."

MINNIE DICKINSON

Cheat Neck, W. Va.

"Willing, witty, wise and winsome."

WAYNE MARTIN

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."

PAUL THOMPSON

Watson, W. Va.

"Much knowledge stored in so small a space."

DAISY WATKINS

Fairmont, W. Va.

"The passion of the tiger's might,
The purity of the lily white,
Such is our dark eyed Daisy."

ELIZABETH LaRUE

St. Marys, W. Va.

"She is such a sweet and shy little maid,
None need ever of her be afraid."

CARSON EWERS

Levels, W. Va.

"The future consoler of aching jaws."

OLAN WATKINS

Hoult, W. Va.

"His thoughts are deep for one so young."

CLARA BALDWIN,

League, W. Va.

EDWARD SKINNER,

Newburg, W. Va.

DEWEY MILLER,

League, W. Va.

EDRA MANLEY,

Watson, W. Va.

LAURA SNYDER,

Watson, W. Va.

HARRY VINCENT,

Watson, W. Va.

GRACE MARTIN,

Mannington, W. Va.

EDITH TAYLOR,

Purgitsville, W. Va.

FRANK FREEMAN,

Center Point, W. Va.

JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS HISTORY

"Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus."

We came! O, yes, in the autumn of 1913 an unusual band of verdant youth sought this institution of learning. We surprised our predecessors by our quality. But in spite of our quality, all that year we were called "Green Freshies," and on special occasions "Fresh Greenies." But as Paul of old proved his faith by his works, so we by our works, proved that "Not all is in a Name."

We saw! We certainly did—the many great needs of the school which we had already learned to love, and as a result of our seeing, early in our Sophomore year we began our reconstruction work. The following may be noted as a result of our effort: domestic science was successfully introduced into the school—and now there is not a "fairy" in the institution, whether she be destined for an office girl, or a cradle rocker, that cannot hard-boil eggs without burning them. Nor is there a "boy scout" in this institution, whether he be destined for a traveling salesman or a domesticated husband to an active suffragette, that can not prepare a palatable ham-and-egg breakfast, providing he has the ham and eggs.

We also transformed the gymnasium into an inviting library—to which was added a copy of the World's Almanac, a pocket atlas, and a new librarian. We raised the lecture course from a $700 to an $1800 course; and shrewdly obtained "peanut-heaven" at the lowest price possible for the student body when the Maud Powell number was given. We also secured a higher and better position for Mr. Martin, and sent him on his way rejoicing to add quality to the faculty of a school of our sister state, Ohio.

But then recollecting that charity begins at home, we at once turned our attention to our own faculty; and soon all vacancies were filled with the best. We selected our historian from the far west; and the star of Glenville's faculty we secured and placed at the head of our English department; and latest of all we have secured an honored graduate from the Boston school of Expression to teach the Seniors how to express themselves—should the freight and parcel-post system become inactive.

And now, having thus perfected the faculty, we are striving to leave to our successors a new Normal—beautiful, modern and efficient. For we feel that the "to be's must have better advantages than have been accorded us, if they may reach an equal height—for though one genius may be found in any class, yet an entire class of such is a rare and striking phenomenon.

We conquered! Well, we'll say we have; and if the faculty will only confirm our statement, then we will defy contradiction. But whether the fac-

ulty agrees or not, we within ourselves are confident that everything has been thoroughly tested and completely conquered. Yea, Latin, science, and mathematics have all cleared up before us like dewdrops before the rays of a scorching sun. And as chief adviser of the senior class we have been a glorious success—at least for them; for now their "Sheep-skin" in June is no longer a question of doubt.

But our reconstruction work is not yet finished, that solution of our problem is reserved for our Senior year—the European question.

Hence who can tell what heights we, as a class, may reach in our Senior year? Judging from what we have accomplished is it not fair to assume that ours will be a position loftier than that yet reached by our predecessors, and a hard one to be reached by our successors?

CLARA M. BALDWIN, '17.

THE BROOK

Flowing from the hillsides
  Comes the little brook,
Winding through the meadows
  Into every nook.

Dropping o'er the ledges,
  Gliding 'round the rocks,
With a steady ripple
  Like the tick of clocks.

Onward goes the brooklet
  Steady on its way
To the placid river,
  Thence on to the bay.

In its shallow waters
  Bathes the robin gay,
Ruffling all his feathers,
  Sending out a spray.

This clear little brooklet
  Teaches me and you
Always to be patient,
  Steady, useful, true.

DEWEY MILLER '16

JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS POEM

Heard you ever of the Juniors
Of the Fairmont Normal School?
They were always bright and jolly
And they never broke a rule.

Deep "maroon and cream" their colors,
Would the richest bower grace,
And each Junior wore them proudly
With a bright and smiling face.

Then they chose for their class flower
Stately roses red and cream;
And these decked the rooms and hallways
Till all seemed a fairy dream.

For their class adviser gentle
They'd Miss Stalnaker so fair;
All the Juniors loved her dearly
For her wisdom, love, and care.

As their leader they chose Furbee
Wtih his wise and solemn air,
Always led by gentle Eva,
For their chieftain loved the fair.

Then came Payne, of all the Juniors
He's quite the tallest you will find,
And he starred in all his classes
With that quick and brilliant mind.

Bertha was their secretary,
With kind heart and winning smile.
She has kept so neat their records
That she's busy all the while.

For the treasurer they had Speelman,
Who could not serve with greatest ease,
For the money box was empty
And the students hard to please.

Mr. Miller was quite Dewey,
Though indeed his eyes were dry;
But to keep their door, no matter
Who would enter, he must try.

There were many other Juniors
Quite too numerous to name,
But you'll some day see their titles
In the guilded halls of fame.

In the basket ball the Juniors
Made a record that was fair;
For the way they beat those Seniors
Made the Freshmen stand and stare.

Now we'll close our Junior story,
For we know you've listened long;
But some future time you'll know them,
Honored both in prose and song.

D. W. '16.

———o———

There was a young fellow named Payne
Who loved, but his love was in vain;
For Vinetta McCoy
Said "No, no, my boy,
Your complexion comes off in the rain."

WE GOT 'EM

We had our lessons and were happy
When a red faced boy appeared:
He said "It's toothache, I reckon,
And you needn't all be skeered."

The excitement ceased in a minute;
The gong was just sounding 8:10;
'Red' said "My jaws are hurting,
Just like I'd been struck by ten men.

Twenty days seem a year to many,
But to us, why they just simply flew.
And now we are sitting and wondering
How many he gave them to.

Last Friday we felt kind of funny,
Around right under the ears,
But the fun has all changed to mourning
For Bridges has shed heaps of tears.

We sit here alone at our window,
And look at the beautiful day;
We think of the school and our classes,
And are sorry that here we must stay.

When first we came to the Normal,
It wouldn't have been bad then to stay,
But now school is such a pleasure,
That we hate to be loafing this way.

We know all have trials and troubles,
And often get many hard bumps,
But there never was anything like this,—
It sure is no fun to have mumps.

We hope the school's still progressing,
We—Gragg, Bridges, Holden and Payne,
Are sorry to be absent at present,
But our jaws hurt on just the same.

George Gragg '17.

———o———

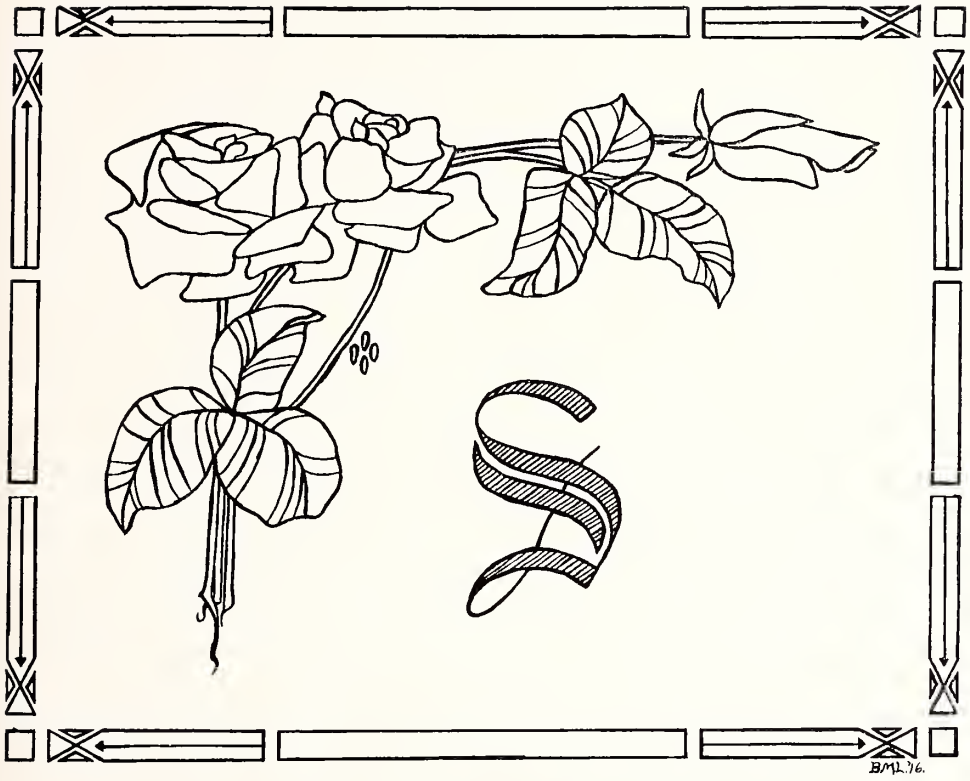
DON'T GROWL

Don't growl, my boy; just keep quiet;
You're not the only one that's cheated;
Remember there's never a battle fought
But that some one is defeated.

Don't growl, my boy, just keep quiet;
The world'll go on just the same;
Men will be born, live and die;
Makes no difference, sunshine or rain.

Don't growl, my boy, just keep quiet;
Do what you think is right;
The world admires a man of deeds;
So work, my boy, and just keep quiet.

M. H. '17.



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

H. D. WADE, President.

Class Flower—American Beauty Rose.

Class Colors—Old gold and blue.

Class Motto—He lives in fame who dies in virtue's cause.

CLASS YELL.

Boom-a-lacka! Boom-a-lacka! Bow-wow-wow!
Ting-a-laka! Sing-a-lacka! Chow-chow-chow!
Hobble-gobble! Razzle-dazzle! Sis-Booh-Bah!
Sophomore! Sophomore! Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Herschel D. Wade
Vice President ..... Willie B. Holden
Secretary ..... Janie Matthews
Treasurer ..... Charles D. Blake
Door Keeper ..... Blake Billingslea
Historian ..... Wilfred F. Bridges
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Rogers

SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Allen, Ross
Auville, Jay G.
Billingslea, Blake
Blake, Charles C.
Bridges, Wilfred F.
Conway, Charles
Cook, Coy
Dunn, Jasper M.
Feather, Freda
Hawkins, Charles
Holden, Willie B.
Holbert, Lyda
Horner, Estle
Hunt, George
Hupp, John C.
Jenkins, Creed
Lanham, Hazel
Lemley, Stanley
Martin, Hervey
Martin, Hattie
Matthews, Janie
Morgan, Grace
Mullenax, V. L.
Post, Caroline
Pyles, Irma
Shaw, Sadie
Smith, Retta
Wade, Herschel D.

—o—

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

Of all the classes in this school
The Sophomore is the best.
We make very high grades, as a rule
At least, ahead of the rest.

We are the pride of Mr. Woodley,
His trusted class by far.
We are the best in geometry,
In all our classes star.

Mr. Wade is our President,
A goodly one have we;
Mr. Rogers our confidant
And a jolly man is he.

We will graduate in '17,
And all go out to teach.
No failures among us will be seen,
If our ideals we can reach.

JANIE MATTHEWS '17.

—o—

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

Oh! the Roman was a rogue;
He etat was, you bettum;
He raced his automobiles,
And smoked his cigarettum.
He wore a diamond studibus,
And such a stylish hattum;
His maxima cum laude sox,
And elegant cravattum.

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,
And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, tho,
He got it in the neque.
He winked (quo usque tendum)
At puellas in the forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo goo oculorum! Ex.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The class of 1917 may not be the greatest class that ever attended this school, as, indeed, it is not the largest; but there is certainly at present, no class in school that has accomplished greater things in the past, or that holds out better prospects for the future, than does the present Sophomore class.

The members of this class are not boys and girls who have been sent here by their parents in order to shift onto the school the difficulty and responsibility of governing them. The members of this class are young men and women, many of whom have great difficulties to overcome, in order to attend this school. But they are of the type that does not recognize difficulties as defeats, but accepts them as challenges and bends all their energies of mind and body toward meeting and surmounting the obstacles. They entered this school in the fall of '13. During their freshman year they experienced all the taunts and jeers, with which the refined, polished and polite upper classmen are accustomed to vex the rough, verdant, and unsophisticated freshmen. But they bore it all good-naturedly, and left school at the end of the year with many pleasant memories of students who strove to make their first days pleasant and of teachers who labored to make the year both pleasant and profitable. The Sophomore class has furnished a president for each of the literary societies. One of this class has been chosen to represent his society in the inter-society contest. Another has been chosen basket ball manager for next year. And when the school began to cast about for a student-body president for next year, they saw no one who seemed so well fitted for the position as another member of this class.

Time and space does not permit me to enumerate all the great honors that this class has won; suffice it to say that it is well represented in every phase of school life; and everywhere the class has conducted itself in such a way that it now has the respect of everyone in the school.

W. F. BRIDGES, (Class Historian.)

———o———

WHAT THE FAIRIES DID FOR WILFRED

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! Why do you leave today?
For always at a time like this, the Fairies are at play,
The fates are now against you, Oh harken to our cry,
Don't you see that dreadful omen looming up in yonder sky?

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! come baek, come baek, we pray!
'Phone out and tell your lady-love you'll eome another day.
You're needed at the Normal, Oh why so eareless be?
How ean you hie off to Plum Run, with heart so light and free?

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! you've heeded not our eall,
You've gone to see your lady-love in spite of omens all.
Come, hasten home! Pray, hasten home! Let there be no delay;
Remember that e'er the night is o'er, the Fairy elves will play.

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! the time is flying fast.
The hand upon the Normal eloek the seventh hour has passed!
Why don't you eome, old fellow? You're slow, as slow can be.
Why linger out upon Plum Run, as swift the moments flee?

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! the Normal Clock strikes eight,
Can it be that you have missed the ear, that you stay out so late?
The moonbeams now are shining a-slant upon the mound,
And out upon the Campus, the elves are daneing round.

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! the eloek hands point to ten,
And in your room the Fairies are at their pranks again.
We would that we could "demonstrate" a Fairy band at play,
Oh hasten home, old fellow, neither linger nor delay.

O, Bridges! O, Bridges! What's that they're moving out?
What's that they're taking with them as they frolic all about?
The die is east, old fellow. The fearful deed is done!
And still you pause to linger in the regions of Plum Run!

O, Bridges, O, Bridges, the Normal eloek strikes one,
And down old Fairmont Avenue we hear the last ear eome.
But you heeded not our warning, and now you've come too late,
But hasten to your little room, and learn your own sad fate.

Yes, Bridges, Yes, Bridges, your little bed is gone.
The "fairies" eame and took it, while "she" eharmed you with her song.
Took your bed and both your pillows, took them off we know not where.
But Bridges, good old fellow, what need to stand and stare?

R. R. '15.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS

President ..... George Gragg
Vice President ..... Leo Salvati
Secretary ..... Earl McDonald
Treasurer ..... Orva Norman
Historian ..... Byron R. Tennant
Poet ..... Macel Findley
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ice

CLASS COLORS: WHITE AND GOLD

CLASS FLOWER: WHITE CARNATION

CLASS MOTO: "ONWARD IS OUR AIM."

CLASS ROLL

Nelle Asheraft.
Homer Andre.
Troy Adkins.
Frank Cassell.
Dewey Dean.
Eleanor Freeland.
Macel Findley.
George Gragg.
Ruth Galliher
Verner Hamilton
Josie Hawkins.
Ebert Hall.
Charles Knox.
Earl McDonald.
Evelyn McAlister.
Orva Norman.
Monica O'Leary.
Eva M. Paugh.
Arnold Pepper.
Virginia Reppert.
Clarence Reppert
Leo Salvati
Silva Swisher.
Harold Swisher.
Charles Strate.
Byron Tennant.
Madge Tucker.
Osa Zinn.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

In the year 1914 the early fall winds by their first chilly breezes inspired about fifty boys and girls from almost every county in the state to make the most of their lives. After some consideration they decided that it could not be done without an education. So they were soon on their way to Fairmont State Normal School, where they organized themselves and became known as the Freshman Class of 1914.

They have no bloody trophies to bring before the eyes of the public as symbols of the fray. But they are slashing the gordian knot of ignorance with the sword of determination.

The Freshman Class of 1914 has two characteristics which are not always found in students. One of these is the ability to take advantage of opportunities. The other peculiar characteristic is their ambition. Some one has asserted that success lies in taking advantage of opportunities. If this be true then we are sure that each member of the Freshman Class of 1914 will make a success in life. We also believe that the Freshman class of 1914 will play an important part in making the America of tomorrow, for we are told that the ambitious, industrious boys and girls of today will make the America of tomorrow. And certainly the Freshman class of 1914 has these two qualities.

Next year they will enter upon a new role, that of Sophomores, but we feel sure that future generations will always honor the Freshman class of 1914.

B. R. T. '18.

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

When first we came to the Normal,
From our homes so far away,
The whole world seemed so dreary,
And nothing to cheer our way.

The old students seemed so merry,
As they all went in to enroll;
But we freshmen stood and wondered
When we would reach the goal.

The teachers were kind and helpful,
And told us we must feel at home.
They said we must not turn backward
But be brave as the old men of Rome.

So with all this advice before us,
We set to work with a will;
And by nine long months of study,
We are nearing the top of the hill.

There are forty of us in number,
Who are striving to do our best,
And when this year is ended,
They'll say we've stood the test.

For He gave us each a talent,
And we think we have used it well;
But you may look us over,
And our actions will surely tell.

Our motto is not a long one,
Just, "Onward is our aim,"
But we hope our names will be numbered,
In that noted hall of fame.

GEORGE W. GRAGG.

HIGHER WAGES

The teachers all are kickin',
'Cause wages are so low;
Preachers sort o' hintin' 'roun—
Goin' kinder slow.
Clerks I see are grumblin',
Workmen, too, I guess—
Just to give the short of it,
Whole world more or less.

Doctors sort o' prayin',
Fer people to get sick;
Dentists, I think, are plannin'
A new toothpick.
Each one's busy thinkin'
Of a special plan
That will bring him money,
'Stead of t'other man.

Some even have a grudge
Towards their fellow man,
Think he lives too highly—
Ought to change his plan.
Yet they do the same thing—
Must be up-to-date;
So they spend their money
This thought to liquidate.

Tell you what I've come to,
After thinkin' mighty strong;
You can learn it purty easy,
Cause its not very long:
Jes' quit yer kickin'; git to work;
Specialize a little more;
When yer ready fer yer wages,
They'll be sittin' at your door.

M. H. '17.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

THE STUDENT BODY ASSOCIATION

President ..... Claude Hevener

Vice President ..... Thomas Hunt

Secretary ..... Cecil Kennedy

Treasurer ..... Clark Rusk

The Student Body Association is the largest and most important organization in the Fairmont State Normal School. It was organized through the influence of the former president of the school, Dr. C. J. C. Bennett. Its purpose is to promote the general welfare of the school and to unite the students in an effective body. Through this organization the students make known their desires to the Faculty and to the State Board of Control.

The officers of the Association are the President, Secretary, Vice President, and Treasurer, and those connected with the Student Body Executive Committee.

A fee of thirty cents per year is assessed each student. Fifteen cents of this fee is collected each semester at the time of enrolling. This money is used for defraying incidental expenses incurred throughout the year, such as school socials and entertainments and flowers for the sick of the school.

It is the purpose of the old students to make each new student feel at home in the school, and to feel that he is a part of the association.

Each student should do his best toward making the Student Body Association a better and more useful organization in the Fairmont State Normal School.

LECTURE COURSE

O. I. Woodley ..... Faculty Member
Chas. F. Danser ..... Manager
Chas. E. Hupp ..... Student Member

A few years ago the Normal school began what is now known through this whole community as the "Normal Lecture Course." When this course was first begun, it was run on a small scale, the whole course costing only about two hundred dollars. Through careful management and wise selection of talent the course has grown until, at this time, it is one of the special features of the Normal school work. The complete course this year, consisting of ten regular numbers and one special number, will cost about nineteen hundred dollars when the total expense is paid, which is about five hundred dollars more than the cost of last year's course. The course given this year is conceded to be the strongest and highest class course ever given in West Virginia.

In choosing numbers for the course the committee always keeps in mind the class of persons who are to attend it, and tries to get something that will please the people in general, as well as the students, for it would not be possible to have this course if it were not attended by a large number of the good citizens of Fairmont. The course is made up of lectures on live and interesting subjects, given by some of the best lecturers on the American platform; also several musical numbers are included in order to have variety in the course.

The students have come to realize what a big factor the Lecture Course really is in their educational development, and they are unanimous in their praise of it.

A glance at the course for the season of 1915-16 will convince anyone of its merit. It is as follows:

1. Frances Ingram, the famous contralto of the Chicago Grand Opera Company.
2. Alton Packard, celebrated cartoonist.
3. Dr. Edward Amherst Ott, one of the ablest lecturers on theAmerican platform.
4. Weber Male Quartette, of New York, second to none in America.
5. Monteville Flowers, the finished orator.
6. John Kendrick Bangs, in his celebrated "Salubrities I Have Known."
7. Victor M. Murdock, the famous red-headed insurgent of Kansas.
8. Schuman String Quintette, a very high class organization.
9. Arthur Walwyn Evans, the Welsh humorist, nephew of Lord George, Grand Chancellor of England.
10. Christine Miller, the well-known contralto, of Pittsburg.
11. A man of international reputation.

HISTORY OF THE MOZART LITERARY SOCIETY

In the early history of the Fairmont Normal School there was organized a society known as the Lyceum Society. This society admitted young men only to its membership.

Three years later, March 11, 1875, seven energetic students, realizing that girls as well as boys needed literary training met in Miss Fleming's room for the purpose of organizing a new society which should admit both boys and girls to membership. Mr. A. A. Waters was made temporary chairman, and A. P. Marteny, secretary. After consultation a committee was appointed to confer with the president and faculty concerning the organization of a new society. On March 16 another meeting was held and, as the committee made a favorable report, it was decided to make a permanent organization. Accordingly F. P. Heskit was elected President; A. A. Water, Vice President; P. Marteny, Secretary; L. M. Wade, Treasurer; and J. W. Shoemaker, Librarian.

This new society was christened the Mozart Literary Society. It grew rapidly, and at the end of the first year its membership had increased to thirty.

Shortly after the society was permanently organized a challenge was sent to the Lyceum for a friendly contest. This contest was held in June, 1875, and each succeeding year, with a few exceptions, there has been a similar contest, which is one of the many interesting features of the school.

In 1899 Willis Smith, of Elkins, a former student of the F. S. N. S. gave a silver wreath to be held by the society which should win in the annual contest. Since then the contest has been a real combat, and ex-members come from far and near to join in the celebration of triumph or to sympathize in the hour of defeat.

The victories have not been a one-sided affair, for the silver wreath has decorated the walls of each society, almost alternately. At the present time, however, it hangs in the Mozart hall, where every loyal Mozart hopes to see it remain for some time.

We look on our record of forty years with a feeling of just pride. Ex-members of the Mozart are found leading in every profession, and all have benefitted by their experienc in the work of the Mozart Society. So long as the F. S. N. S. exists, we expect to maintain our society, and shall ever be striving to fit young people for efficient living.

A. E. M. '15.

MOZART OFFICERS.

MOZART CONTESTANTS, 1915.

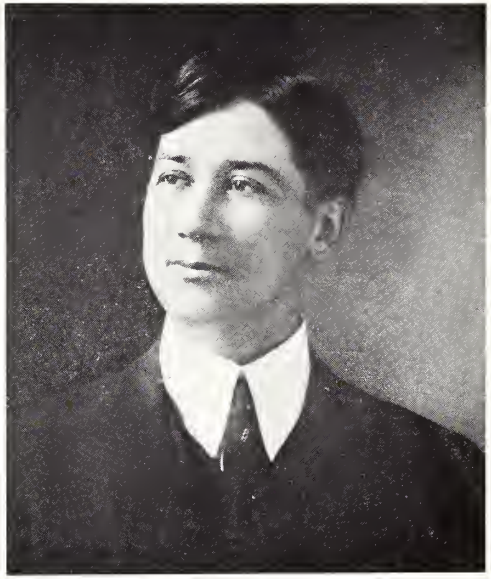
SELF RELIANCE

It matters little what people may say
About the things we do,
For the sneers of the cynic, now aboard,
Look for the false, not for the true.

It's what you really are that counts,
Towards making the soul immortal;
So bravely steer for the open sea
And sail for the golden portal.

For God helps them that help themselves,
In every struggle for right;
The good now covered with the dust of wrong
Will finally come to light.

M. H. '17.



LYCEUM CONTESTANTS, 1915.

LYCEUM OFFICERS.

LYCEUM LITERARY SOCIETY

(With Apologies to "Hiawatha")

Down the valleys, o'er the mountains
Of the state of West Virginia,
Came once many youths and maidens
To the school called Fairmont Normal.
Two springs after eighteen-seventy,
These good folks did have a meeting;
At this meeting they decided
They would have a literary.
Long they pondered, much they questioned,
O'er the name of this society,
Until it was christened
Normal Lyceum Literary.
This society grew and flourished,
But it lacked the spice of living—
Rivalry was individual—
Lacked the strife of competition.
Three years later there was founded
There a rival "Literary,"
Which they gave the name of "Mozart."
Then began a long, long struggle—
Struggle for the greatest honor.
Soon a silver wreath was offered
As a sign of recognition
Of the work of the society
Which should win in annual contest.
Trained they then, in each society,
Warriors for this annual conflict,
Carefully as if for battle.
Each year, then, for many seasons
They have met in lengthy contest
To decide which was most powerful
In both reading and debating,
Also they did have orations.
Almost equally they conquered,
Alternately won the honors.
Till by struggle and by labor
Lyceum won what she had prayed for—
Was victorious many seasons.
Then the fates all wise and powerful,
In the year of nineteen-fourteen,

Lest the Mozarts be discouraged—
Lest they lose all life and vigor—
Took away the wreath of honor,
Placed it in the hall of Mozart.
Lyceum, though, is not discouraged,
Only mourns the loss of victory—
Not that this has made it weaker,
But that worth should be defeated.
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to each in closest union,
Are the members of the Lyceum,
Eager for all good and learning
How to live and be real helpers.
Not always are they successful,
But their aims are high and worthy;
They shall never be extinguished.
Theirs shall be the final victory—
Victory in the coming contests—
Theirs shall be the wreath of silver,
If the fates be not unwilling,
If the rival literary
Now can get along without it—
Can survive on their own merits.

Hazel Myer Stone '16.

Y. M. C. A.

NORMAL SCHOOL Y. M. C. A.

President ..... Chas. E. Hupp
Viee President ..... J. R. Huh
Seeretary ..... L. C. Furbee
Treasurer ..... Ralph Watkins

Our Y. M. C. A. is only two years old but it has accomplished immeasurable good in its short history. The lively interest which prevails in this work is largely due to the tireless efforts of our president to make it successful in its noble aim.

This year we have worked out a definite plan through which we may get the most from the hour. Lectures by prominent men of the town, on various subjects of vital interest to the young men, have been the distinguishing features.

Our assoeiation invites the attendance and membership of all, regardless of creed, or any of the other religious differences. It is the supreme aim of the organization to promote the moral and religious welfare of all. We disenss freely the young man's problems of life. Also, Mr. Woodley has given a series of lectures intended to serve as a guide to the various problems which we are attempting to work out.

Aside from the work of the regular meetings, we have Bible study extension work, and committees for various departments, namely: Executive, Program, Soeial, Employment, Membership, and New Students.

? C. F. H. '15.

Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Young Women's Christian Association is an organization of which this school is very proud. It could almost be called a secret organization, for the Y. W. C. A. girls do not make a noise over their work, (unless it be an Xmas sale) but go quietly about it. From the motto: "Yoked with Christ Always" one can easily understand what this organization stands for, and the officials have tried to impress this upon every girl who belongs.

We have heard it hinted from the officials of the school that the Y. W. C. A. has done more towards uplifting the social standing of the school, than any other organization. The members have worked hard in the past year to break up the prejudices between the students of the school, to get them to know the right and not be afraid to stand for it, to realize that everybody is human, that everybody makes mistakes, and to repeat the words of Mrs. Booth that they may realize "that in every human soul there is a spark of gold that is worth redeeming."

Besides the quiet, earnest work that has been done in the association this year, a number of material things have been done. The machinery of the organization has been studied more closely, and with the earnest effort of our faculty members, especially our faculty adviser, the work has been carried on more systematically. The different committees have been well organized, and the chairmen have tried to develop efficiency on the part of each one. Each committee works out a policy at the beginning of the term, in which it is stated what they stand for, and what they have planned to do, and they earnestly work toward the realization of that policy.

The membership committee has looked after new girls, increased the membership to 140 members, and done many other things that have made our association better.

The social committee, besides trying quietly to raise the standard of social life in the school, has kept things lively during the year with parties. There have been many good times provided by this committee that we shall not forget. How could we forget our spring reception last year, to the girls and to some of our town's best women, when everything was bright and gay with apple blossoms; then the "goldenrod tea" last fall, when the old girls tried to give the new girls a welcome; and how about our spring reception to the students, with the Y. M. C. A., when the boys and girls all put away their work and cares and came and played "Pig in the Parlor" and "Strip the Willow"? Then our Xmas Sale must not be forgotten, for although it was a financial scheme, yet everybody had a fine time. Why, it was almost like a country fair, with red lemonade, and pretty balls of popcorn and peanuts and all other things. Even the domestic science girls furnished us with good apple pies and good cookies.

Our girls have had other good times too, not by going to teas or fairs or anything like that, but by doing little kindnesses for people. Our social service committee helped carry baskets to the poor on Thanksgiving day; gave some money with which to buy meat for the baskets; and have cheered those girls in school who have been ill, by carrying flowers to them and visiting them. They have sent girls to teach in Mrs. Brooks' mission school, have helped those who prepare our food in the kitchen at the dormitory by lending a helping hand occasionally, and many, many things that have made those for whom they did the acts of kindness much happier, while the girls themselves have caught the vision of service: By lending a hand to those less fortunate than ourselves.

Our finance committee has worked hard to keep us in funds for our year's work. They have had sales, due teas, collected jelly and sold it, held a "movie day" and even sold Brewster's Chocolates.

The Bible study committee had charge of the Bible class during the first semester. This class was led by a member of the faculty. Only about twenty girls were enrolled, but those who attended feel that they have derived something very beneficial from the course. The book "Jesus the Man of Galliee" was studied. This committee has also held one Sunday School day, and has encouraged the girls to enroll in the different churches.

The missionary committee has started a class in missions which is to last the rest of the year. It is not using a text but is working at some of the great missionary problems, by the use of magazines and outside help. This committee sent six delegates to the First Student Volunteer Convention held at Morgantown February 19 to 21. The girls brought plenty of enthusiasm and set to work to make plans to arouse more interest in Foreign Missions. They planned to have some wide awake missionaries to talk to our students, one of which was Dr. Headland of China. Dr. Headland lectured here once and we are hoping to have him again. They have also planned to have Miss Kelsey, one of the traveling secretaries of the "Students Volunteer Movement, here some time in the near future.

Our devotional committee has done splendid work in planning our weekly meetings. We have a meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. We meet for ten minutes devotional exercises and then the rest of the hour is given to the topic planned for. We have tried to use subjects that were not far-fetched, but good every day topics that should interest all. We have had several outside speakers, all of whom have brought us something worth while.

Our cabinet, which consists of the officers and chairmen of committees, meets at least every two weeks. At these meetings the general school problems are talked over and plans devised to help solve these problems.

Last year we sent two delegates to Eagles Mere, and we have now another girl who was a delegate from a sister school. These girls brought back many interesting things to our Y. W. C. A. and their own lives have been enthused and inspired by the happy days they spent on the mountain. We hope to have more delegates this year.

Being an officer, or chairman of a committee in a Y. W. C. A. certainly is good training for any girl. Though she may feel very incapable of the position, she is sure to be developed in her physical, mental, social and spiritual life. Being a member of this association brings a girl to realize her own powers more quickly than any other organization can hope to. She will be developed in her executive ability, in her treatment of other girls, and in her sympathy towards all religious work. By being a true worker in this cause, she will learn to know better, to love better, and to serve better the Man of Gallilee.

ARMA BING, '15.

Y. W. C. A.

KOLYOGA CAMP FIRE CIRCLE

Etoile ..... E. M. Stalnaker, Guardian.
Wahwahtaysee ..... Grace Matthews
Minnibogonni ..... Janie Matthews
Altawah ..... Jean Lynn
Dowanhewee ..... Madeline Fleming
Weenonah ..... Pearl Thomas
Nokomis ..... Bonnie Stalnaker
Owaissa ..... Macel Findley
Winnetoska ..... Nora Gaughan
O-justoh ..... Minnie Dickinson
Mowathe ..... Cora Clayton

———o———

OHIYESA CAMP FIRE CIRCLE

Onatoga ..... Ethel Iee, Guardian
Silver Bell ..... Eleanor Freeland
Chotanka ..... Elizabeth Giffin
Wahwahtaysee ..... Julia Watkins
Minnehaha ..... Estle Horner
Wabasso ..... Hazel Lanham
Miantowona ..... Cora Lee Monroe
Montewasa ..... Edra Manley
Juanita ..... Marguerite Price
Minnewona ..... Laura Snyder
Owaissa ..... Madge Tucker

CAMP FIRE GIRLS.

CAMPFIRE COUNCIL

When the South wind Shawandassee,
Brought the warm and balmy breezes,
Brought the op'ning buds and leaflets,
Brought new life to grass and flowers;
Gave to all a hope and longing
For the joys and sports of springtime,
For the lovely radiant springtime,
Then the great tribe, Ohiyesa
Joined their sister tribe, Koloyga,
Joined them in a friendly meeting
Called, the Ceremonial meeting.
After school for hours they wandered,
Wandered up the Monongahela
To the falls of Minnehaha,
Minnehaha, laughing water,
Famous for its sprays and bubbles—
Famous in both song and story,
Here they held a friendly meeting,
Held a Ceremonial meeting.

When the evening shades fell 'round them,
Fell on hill and dale and valley,
Shutting off the view of landscape,
All except blue sky and starlight,
Then the Squaws of Ohiyesa,
Aided by Koloyga's faithful,
Built a Camp-Fire by the river,
Built it out of sticks and branches
Adding twigs and leaves and grasses
'Till the flame rose high above them,
Rose far up into the Heaven,
Making dim the moon and starlight.
Here they cooked their food for supper,
Cooked wienies and juicy bacon,
And soon spread a feast for supper,
Feast worthy of those who'd labored,
Worthy more of queens and princess.
Joyously they ate together,
Ate and talked, and laughed together,
'Till at length the feast was ended,
Hunger banished from the tribe.

Then they held their friendly meeting,
Held their ceremonial meeting.
Here the guardians strong and supple
Called their tribes of squaws together,
Called until all came together.
Each was grouped in her own circle;
Then began the evening's program,
Planned for all the tribes in council,
Planned for a Ceremonial meeting;
Speeches heard they short and boasting.
Boasting of past deeds of valor
And of conquests planned for future,
Conquests for the tribes' extension,
While the moon rose high in Heaven,
Rose and covered all with moonlight,
Then the guardians, standing stately,
Gave to all rewards for labor,
Rewards of beads for all their labor,
Beads of every shape and color
'Till each squaw had quite a number,
Each bead with a special meaning.
When these trophies all were given,
Given to each faithful member,
Home they went in peace and rapture,
Filled with joy and hope of victory
For all coming deeds and battles
To be won for tribes of Camp-Fire,
For Ohiyesa and Koloyga.
Soon the night closed down in silence;
Not a sound, nor stir, nor murmur
Could be heard save those of nature
Breathing loudly as she slumbered.
Thus the friendly council ended,
Ended the Ceremonial meeting.

CORA LEE MONROE,
F. S. N. S. 1914.

September
Morn

JOHNSON'S STORY TELLING CLUB

One cheery evening in late November a band of lads and lassies gathered around the skirts of Miss Johnson to hear some of the wonderful stories for which she has already become famous. Mouths, eyes, and ears were wide open, listening eagerly to her—when some one proposed the question "Why can we not tell stories as she does?" They gasped in surprise at this audacious question, wondering who would dare suggest such a thing. But Miss Johnson, 'Wizard of all the Stories', was only too anxious to boost them along.

The need of training in story telling had been felt not only in Normal School work but also in the work at the training school. Some of the more venturesome students decided that here would be an excellent opportunity to show others how to tell stories, and incidentally, perhaps, to piek up a few ideas for themselves.

Any Normal student, or teacher, who could bring forth evidence of good standing in all of his classes was eligible for membership. The members assemble at seven o'clock every Thursday for an evening of enjoyment and well directed aetivity in the story world.

The first who launched upon this newly discovered sea found that it was not easy sailing as they had thought it would be, and for the first few weeks floundered their way through the simplest stories of fairyland. Confidence and power in this lost art were won by degrees, and fairy stories, Norse Myths, fables, mystery tales, and modern short stories have all been mastered in their turn.

A President, Mary Barrett, and Secretary, Alice Quirk, were duly eleeted and a programme committee appointed, but they in no way restricted the freedom and ease of the members. Parliamentary rule was not absolutely disregarded, for in the course of the next few months a Vice President, Arma Bing, and assistant seeretary, Nevada Clawson, and doorkeeper, Roy Underwood, were elected. The elub ealls itself after its promulgator, "The Johnson Story Club." Membership and interest have grown, steadily. The effect of the training has been felt in all the class work, and has been an interesting feature of ehapel exereises. Now Thursday evening is Story Telling night in just as true a sense of the word, as Friday evening is literary night.

M. B. '15.

JOHNSON STORY-TELLING CLUB.

EVENING PEACE

I sat by my window at sunset;
The sky was all aglow,
Till it seemed like a radiant promise
Given to earth below.

The world lay peaceful and quiet,
The stream was never so still,
And even the birds in the tree-tops
Were obeying the one great will.

Though the day had been sad and tiresome
And I was weary and cross,
Yet the stillness seemed to soothe me
And I forgot my loss.

And as I sat by the window
A calmness came over me,
Like the quiet shadows of evening,
Stealing over the lea.

My soul was filled with quiet
As I thought of God above,
Who keepeth all with his powerful hand
And ruleth all with his love.

DAISY WAKINS '16.

A TRAMP'S REFLECTIONS

In sorrow by the road we sit,
We hate to climb the rocky hill.
Our feet are sore; our shoes don't fit;
We can not pay a railroad bill.

We've searched for work and found it not,
In answer to our prayers.
We shovel snow when it is hot;
In winter gather pears.

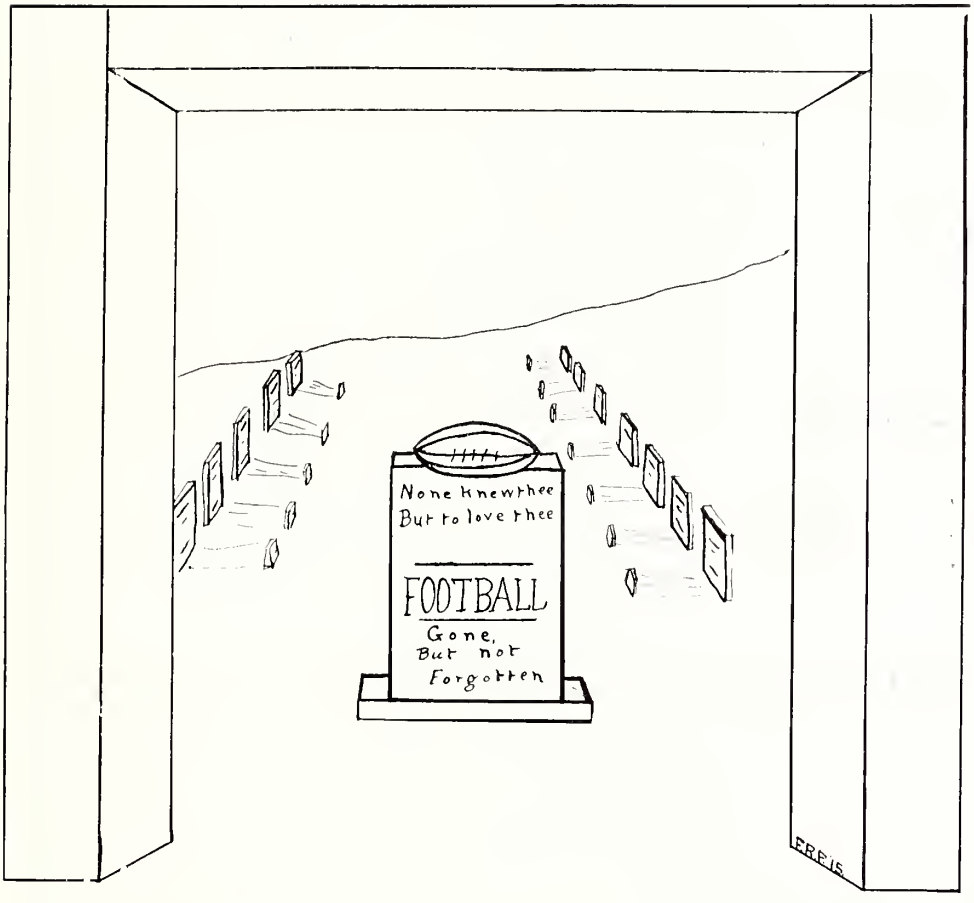
We've slept in every "goldarned" park
From Maine to San Francisco;
We hunt a bench there after dark,
But it's an awful risk, though.

We've stopped at fifty dozen homes,
And tried to beg our dinners,
But round them all the bulldog roams,
And bulldogs bite like sinners.

And when at last our tramping's o'er,
And we leave this world, I've no doubt
We'll meet St. Peter at the door
And ask him for a hand-out.

W. F. B. '17.

ATHLETICS


None knew thee
But to love thee
FOOTBALL
Gone,
But not
Forgotten
FRE'15

ATHLETICS

Normal athletics this season have been criticised quite generally, partly for their quantity, partly for their quality. Their quantity was conceded to be a minus one, while their quality was spoken of in a detracting manner.

It is true that quantity has been a failing point. The autumn months saw no foot ball nor track work. The winter season was the best of all, seeing both boy and girl basketball. The spring term has seen an excellent baseball team, but no track work. Baseball and basketball have been the only sports attempted in Normal athletics.

Normal football has always proved a financial embarassment to the institution. The fans of the city don't patronize academic football as they do the regular college games, one of which generally takes place on Thanksgiving between Wesleyan and West Virginia.

Track work was absent last fall because of lack of enthusiasts. There were not many men to try out on a team, the majority of the Normal enrollment having been composed of the other sex. The only excuse given for no spring track work was that "Misery" has the mumps, and he is one of the sprinters.

Normal teams, this season, have not met with much approval, but they have met with some disaster. The only encouraging things the basket ball team met with were some pretty girls in some of the cities they visited. The baseball team has been meeting rainy weather, but outside of that they have kept pretty dry—that is, we mean they have got along pretty well.

Normal feet didn't have any chances to come in contact with any pig skin last fall. Football was held to be a financial impossibility in Fairmont for such pre-college teams as the Normal. So all Normal eyes, noses, arms, and other parts remained in normal condition till Normal basket ball started.

The winter season was very rough for basket ball players. Fortney was accidentally injured on the surface above his neck. Watkins pushed his hand thru a window and broke it. Besides, two or three uncouth teams were played.

But on the whole, basket ball teams were quite successful. Both the regular and the class teams were compelled to use the First Regiment Armory floor, which was equipped not very "gymly." The girls' team showed the best results, probably because they used the floor of the palatial club room of the Lyceumites.

Track work didn't work. The only progress made was a few runs and jumps in citizen's clothes on the campus, and two or three marble contests.

BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

BASKET BALL

The Normal team was not as good as usual this year because of the fact that there was only one experienced man on the team. Since there was no gymnasium in connection with the Normal, the Armory floor was secured for practice and for the games.

From the twenty five men who reported for practice the team, consisting of Davis, Hevener, Watkins, Amos, Fortney, Hughes and Robinson, was chosen. Other men who showed up well this year were Hustead, Furbee, Atkins and Martin. With such material the Normal should be well represented next year.

INDIVIDUAL

"Zeke" Davis at center was easily the star of the team and outplayed every man he played against. He is not large in size but makes up for this in speed and skill.

Hevener showed up well at forward this year. His floor work and his ability to lose his guard made him a very valuable man.

Watkins played a steady game at forward. The fact that he made 99 of the 232 points scored by the team this year shows that he is an accurate shot.

"Bill" Hughes is a graduate of the class league. He is a guard and a good one. If he keeps going at his present pace he will be a star next year.

"Jock" Amos is noted for breaking up his opponent's team work and getting the ball to the Normal end of the floor. He is fast, keeps cool and plays a fast game at all times.

Fortney passes well, is a good shot and is always moving. Next year will see him holding his own with the best of them.

Robinson, while not getting into many of the games, showed that he could play real basket ball. He was ready and willing at all times to do his best for his team.

THE TEAM

Forwards—Hevener, Fortney and Watkins.
Center—Davis (Capt.)
Guards—Amos, Hughes and Robinson.

RECORD

AT HOME.		ABROAD.	
First Regiment 20	Normal 50.	Salem College 20	Normal 23.
Alumni 44	Normal 27.		
W. V. U. Reserves 33	Normal 22.	Oakland Collegians 50	Normal 11.
Glenville Normal 23	Normal 11.	Keyser Collegians 80	Normal 11.
Salem College 28	Normal 26.		
Californit Normal 25	Normal 19.		
Oakland Collegians 22	Normal 33.		

R. W. '15.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

When we speak of athleties we generally think of boys but this year Fairmont Normal Girls have proved that Athleties is eommon rather than masculine. They have proved that they are eapable of doing their part in upholding the honor of the yellow and white.

Team work was the key-note of their suceess. The exereise was valuable but the loyal "working together" will be far more lasting.

The faith and good will with which the second team went about trying to "make" the first team, is much appreciated. The first team spent many wakeful hours trying to find out in just what way they could better their playing in order to keep their positions.

The trips remain untellable. The only way to find out about them is to examine some of the diaries for January, February and Mareh. Knowledge has leaked out, however, that a B. & O. train was known to wait three minutes for them (but not for their baggage.) The way they raced for cars, trains, and boats made the people think they were out for traek team, rather than basket ball. The hotel managers invariably took oath never to keep another girls' basket ball team.

Their trip through Weston is memorable as well as remarkable. They visited the State Insane Hospital and were greatly in fear lest they should lose one of their number, who took to violent weeping and had to be personally eseorted by Mr. Brake, their ehaperone.

Who ean deseribe the trip down the Little Kanawha? One ean only think of the "House Boat on the Styx," with all its illustrious occupants. The chairs were taken out on deek and the beautiful scenery enjoyed. This was made doubly delighful by the serenades of the sailor boys. This trip marks their only defeat, but despite this it was extremely enjoyable.

The girls were well equipped for their trips by thoughtful "roomies," who saw to it that old last summer's hats were earefully paeked, not to speak of an abundance of alarm clocks properly set, and numerous other neeessities.

Salem College, our dearly loved rival school, was not played on their home floor, but we speak, as we have before, with admiration of their fair, earnest playing when they were our guests.

INDIVIDUAL.

"Ed", the Captain, has been known to eateh the ball, "lose her man," and give signals all at the same time. Who ean ever forget her courage when up against big eenters? If she eould not out-jump them, the way she kept them chasing over the floor wore them out. Not only did she fit in at eenter but what a forward she made when oceasion demanded!

"Cece's" reputation always leaked out before we got there. Invariably some one would meet her at the train with, "Are you the Guard whose man never gets a basket?" No one could lose her, and no one could stay with her after she got the ball. Somewhere in her travels she was given the name of "Irish." We wonder why.

Ruth was the other Guard who made the people on the side lines sit up and take notice. Her arm shot out just in time to keep the other girl from getting the ball. Just when a nice pass was being made, Ruth was there to break it up. Her quick eye detected the faintest signal. Her team work was perfect. She has received many messages from Glenville in praise of her wonderful playing.

Nell just can't be placed on the team. Her official position was forward, but no one can say that she really played better forward than she did guard or center. Her long suit was team work, and her specialty making baskets. She just simply couldn't be guarded. Enthusiasts declare that despair was written in the face of her guard from the first. She was manager of the team and worked hard to get games.

Grace, the star forward for four years, is now to be one of the star alumni. When a pass was to be made no one hesitated to pass to Grace, for she was always where the ball came down, and when she got it the scorer never failed to mark up two points. At foul shooting she was wonderful. After a game in which she shot twelve out of fourteen, a man was heard to say, "I would like to go to Glenville with the girls to see Grace shoot fouls."

It was often necessary to have second team players substitute, and it was always with a feeling of security that they were given a position in the game. The earnestness and determination with which they played has given first team, which will be an alumni team next year, to understand that the Normal-Alumni game next year will not be an easy one.

The teams were coached by Miss Letha Mann who did her work thoroughly. She was especially complimented everywhere she took her team, on the good team work she had developed.

THE TEAMS

FIRST TEAM.

Forwards: Nell Prichard, Grace Van Horn. Center: Edna Miller. Guards: Cecil Kennedy, Ruth Phillips.

SECOND TEAM.

Forwards: Eva Hartley, Mary Mann. Center: Jean Lynn. Guards: Madaline Fleming, Hazel Dilworth, Florence Wagner, Minnie Dickinson.

GAMES

AT HOME: Fairmont 25, Alumni 5; Fairmont 55, Miller School Faculty 5; Fairmont 14, Salem College 10; Fairmont 22, Glenville Normal 11.

ABROAD: Glen ville 12, Fairmont 10; Clarksburg Independents 13, Fairmont 33; Salem High School 14, Fairmont 26.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD.

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM.

BASE BALL

Baseball this year, as in all other years, takes first place in athletics at Fairmont Normal. Various theories may be advanced as a reason for this; yet each one who attempts to explain, even though he be an enthusiast over foot-ball or basketball, is forced to accept the statement that baseball is one game that is always and is everywhere popular.

The Normal was fortunate this year in securing her very efficient coach of last year, Mr. R. V. Davis of Oberlin College. Not only has Mr. Davis developed a winning team from inexperienced players, in a remarkably short time, but has demonstrated well the fact that it is possible to do this without resorting to the "rough stuff," which many coaches insist is absolutely essential. Is it a wonder that even baseball players appreciate being spoken to as gentlemen? Mr. Davis's work among the boys has proved that they recognize a gentleman when they see him, as readily as they recognize a baseball player. In addtion Mr. Davis is a teacher of high rank. It s needless to say that this happy combination makes Mr. Davis a very popular man among both students and faculty.

At the time of going to press the season is not far advanced, but the players show unusually good form and all look forward to the most successful season in many years.

THE TEAM.

Travis, c.
Hevener, p.
Reed, p.
Meyers, p.
H. Ridgley, p.
Miller, 1b.
Hunt, 2b.
Z. Davis, 3b.
Arnett, ss.
Amos, lf.
E. Ridgley, cf.
Underwood, rf.
Thompson, sub.

THE SCHEDULE

AT HOME.	ABROAD.
California Normal.	California Normal.
W. V. U. Reserves.	Linsley Institute.
Broaddus College.	West Liberty Normal.
Wesleyan Reserves.	Wesleyan Reserves.
Marietta College.	Broaddus College.
Marshall College.	Keyser Preparatory.
Glenville Normal.	Glenville Normal.

BASEBALL TEAM.

STORIES

PROVIDENTIAL SPELLING

"Mother, there's going to be a spelling school at Elmswood tomorrow night, and there's to be a prize for the best speller, too," said Mary Thorndyke, a young girl, to her mother wistfully.

"Well," said her mother, indifferently, "What of it?"

"Oh, nothing, I just mentioned it. I thought I'd like to go if you had anyone to stay with you. It's no difference, though; I expect I'd miss the first word any way," added Mary cheerfully.

"Well, now, Mary, I can stay with Granny White and you can go, and I'm sure you will beat them all, unless Mrs. Rich happens to be there," said Mrs. Thorndyke doubtfully, with a peculiar little laugh. "It would be just providential for her to be," she added, remembering the old rivalry in her school days.

So it was decided that Mary should go to the spelling bee. When the time came Mary was ready to go, gay as a lark, for if there was anything Mary delighted in it was spelling. Paul Jones, a neighbor boy, was to go with her. As soon as Paul arrived they started, Mrs. Thorndyke calling after them:

"Now, Mary, remember that it's p-i-r-n pirn, and p-e-r-k perk."

"Alright, Mother, but those words are in McGuffey's spelling book, and they use Hunt's now."

As Mary and Paul came inside the school lawn, the first person they saw was Mrs. Rich, a grass widow. She was talking to Flossie Smith and Grace Lee. As they came closer they discovered she was boasting about her spelling.

"Well," she was saying proudly, "When I went to school, and it's not been so many years ago, I could turn down the whole school without tryng. Used to talk to John Crawford while the others were studying how to spell a word. Then, of course, they missed it, but when it came to me, I just spelled it as if it was as easy as falling off a log, which it was for me. Speaking about John Crawford, I could have got John Crawford if I had wanted him. I was always the last on the floor at a spelling bee. Never missed half a dozen words in my life. Never could bear to get rusty on anything. Can spell as good now as I ever could. Now, there's Mary Thorndyke's mother is so ignorant she couldn't tell you what countries are fighting in the war," she said, looking triumphantly at Mary, who had joined them.

"It's a pity—" Mary started, but checked herself.

Now, Paul who was never choice about his language, but true-hearted to the core, said: "Aint she smart! Wonder if she's going to try another man soon. Mary, I feel so blamed sorry for your mother with all her 'ignorance.'"

"Hush, Paul," said Mary in a low tone, and added louder "Well, I

never was much of a speller. Always had to study arithmetic so much that I rather neglected my spelling."

"Didn't take your poor spelling from any stranger," said Mrs. Rich sarcastically. Your mother was finishing school when I was in the third reader and I could outspell her then."

Just then the bell rang and they all went into the house, Flossie saying to Grace on the way in, "Suppose we'll see some 'tall' spelling tonight, from Mrs. Rich's conversation."

"It will be substituted for one of the seven wonders of the word," said Grace, sarcastically.

When the spellers were 'taken', Mary was chosen first on one side, and Mrs. Rich last on the other. After several of the spellers had gone down, the word "defense" was given out. "D-e-f-e-n-s-e," spelled Mary.

"A word missed," said Mrs. Rich gleefully. "Should have been d-e-f-e-n-c-e."

"D-e-f-e-n-s-e is correct," said the man who was giving out the words.

"Well, it wasn't spelled that way in McGuffy's speller," said Mrs. Rich, angrily.

"It's been changed," someone suggested ironically.

So thus came Mrs. Rich's first defeat.

The spelling proceeded very smoothly for some time after this slight disturbance. But presently the word "fascinated" was given out. It was Mrs. Rich's turn and she spelled out loudly "f-a-s-s-i-n-a-t-e-d."

"Next," said the instructor.

The audience laughed, and Paul said "Ha, Mary, wonder if that's the way she fascinated John Crawford."

"Sh-h-h Paul," said Mary, reprovingly.

Mrs. Rice only said, "Well that's the way McGuffey has it in his book, and I refuse to take my seat."

They let her spell on, and presently Mary and Mrs. Rich were the only ones on the floor. The word "tableau" was given. "T-a-b-l-e-a-u-x," said Mrs. Rich, brilliantly, "T-a-b-l-e-a-u" spelled Mary.

"Well, that is not the way McGuffey has it," said Mrs. Rich. "If that little spit-fire thinks she's done something—if she thinks she can outspell me, I'd like to see her do it in McGuffey's book. That book is not here of course."

"I'll get you a McGuffey's book here out of the bookcase, and I challenge you to spell with Mary," said Paul boldly.

Now this was a pretty big challenge for him to make, for McGuffey's had gone out of style before Mary's day, but he trusted her general knowledge of spelling.

"I wouldn't be afraid to spell from beginning to end of McGuffey with the little upstart," said Mrs. Rich scornfully. "It's providential that that book is here. I'll show her how to spell."

"Alright, come on," said Mary.

They spelled for fifteen minutes when "pirn" was given. "P-e-r-n," said Mrs. Rieh. "Next," said the man giving out the words. "P-i-r-n," said Mary. "It's p-i-r-n pirn and p-e-r-k perk," said Mary. "Maybe I know a little about MeGuffey's wonderful book, too," said she triumphantly.

" 'Twas mispronouneed," said Mrs. Rieh, bound to have the last word. "It should be P-i-r-n, with a long 'i'."

"The prize is awarded to Miss Mary Thorndyke," said the instruetor. It was a beautiful toilet set.

"How lovely it is!" said Mary. "Of eourse when a word is missed it is missed, but I'll give it to her, and then I'll feel better over it. She thinks she won it," thought she.

"Here Mrs. Rieh," said Mary kindly. Maybe if you had understood the word you would have reeeived it. Perhaps it wasn't quite fair."

"Never," said Mrs. Rieh seornfully. "I wouldn't toueh it with my foot, after you have touehed it. Take it home and fix your ugly little self up with it. I should call that a Proidential gift. Go home and talk to your mother about the war—to your intelligent mother."

"If it hadn't been for my mother's telling me how to spell those words, I might never have won," thought Mary to herself, but Paul was ready to lead her away now, and she sad nothing more to Mrs. Rieh.

When they started home Paul asked, "Mary, how eould you remember those words so mueh alike?"

"I don't know, unless it was beeause mother told me about them just before I started. That was what they call 'Providential.' "

Mazelli Jean West '16.

———o———

Mr. Shafer (dividing methods class into groups) Let's see—Miss Kennedy, Miss Martin, Miss Mc—no that wouldn't be good grouping.

———o———

Mr. Woodley (making announeement in ehapel): There will be a full Faeulty meeting next Tuesday at 3:30.

———o———

Roy Underwood: Bridges, do they have many plums out at Plum Run?

Bridges: No, but they have peaches alright

"But I can't marry you, Robert," the girl said, a trifle wearily, as she glanced about the room instead of at the good-looking young man beside her. "I must have my career first; I've told you that time and again."

"Yes, I know, Eileen, but you don't mean to let that keep us apart—ruin our happiness when we mean so much to each other," he remonstrated.

"Why, you don't understand, or else you are selfish. Think of the many lives I may better, the good I can do, both by my work in the slums, and my writing! Oh, it is grand to know you are bringing light to those narrow, darkened lives down there in the foreign districts!" The girl's dark eyes sparkled in her enthusiasm and the flush on her cheek deepened as she spoke.

"Then I am to have no part in your life, Eileen?" he asked. "You will be too busy for me? Yet," he added a trifle sarcastically, "you say you love me."

"O Robert, how can you doubt me?" she asked almost tearfully, as she nervously fingered the bric-a-brac on the mantle. "Can't you understand? Then, there is the family. They all expect me to do something worth while—something that counts. They have a right to, for they have spent thousands of dollars on my education, and," she finished weakly, "I must not disappoint them."

"Disappoint them!" he repeated. "Do you think for one minute, Eileen, that they would expect you to repay them by your happiness? Be honest with me; answer me truthfully; do those dirty foreigners down there mean more to you than I, or is it fame you wish?"

"How can you speak of them so?" she asked, evading his question. "They are human, Robert," she went on with a tiny quaver in her voice.

"Their souls cry out for the beautiful things of life, the clean, the pure, the good. If you could only see how eager they are to learn, how they appreciate the things we do for them! Come with me sometime, Robert, and see how they live—the dirt, the poverty, and all because of ignorance. In your haste to reach the top as a lawyer, I fear you have forgotten those beneath you. Your work has always been with the well-to-do, or the rich. You have not risen from the ranks, and I fear you never think how the other half lives."

The man watched her as she spoke, and at the last a twinkle came into his eyes, but he did not interrupt.

"Then, I too am ignorant and in the dark," he said when she had finished. "Why not marry me and teach me to help you in your work?" The twinkle died out of his eyes and he became grave again as she went on.

"You would never care for that sort of thing, Robert. You have always been shielded from the ugly things of life. I'll admit that I know of no one so clean and upright as you, but you are not—" She paused as if trying to think of a word.

"There are a great many things I am 'not' Eileen. Just what do you mean?"

The girl studied the toe of her shoe a moment before she continued. "Not in sympathy with those who have so much less than you and I. You haven't enough of—well, what Riley calls a 'fellow-feeling.' "

"The more reason you should marry me, then, Eileen, and show me what you would have me be," he said seriously. "I love you so much that I should prove a very apt pupil."

"You must learn that for yourself, Robert," she said as she shook her head slowly. "It is a very hard lesson unless it is born within. I must have my career; I must use the talents that have been given me. Please do not ask me again until—"

"Until," he interrupted her, "we are both old and prosaic, yet very famous, I suppose. Eileen, you are robbing us of the happiest time of our lives together—the very springtime."

"You are selfish, Robert. We could not be happy together now. You must learn to think of something beside your own pleasure. Go now," she half commanded, "and perhaps some day—"

"I shall not trouble you again, Eileen," he said as he reached for his hat. "When you have time for me, you have only to let me know, otherwise I shall not call again. I hope your work will bring you great happiness, and," he added slowly, "the fame you desire."

He stood for a moment looking at the girl, but she was counting the beads on the toe of her shoe. The flush had gone from her cheeks, leaving her pale, determined.

"Good night, Eileen," he said as he strode resolutely out of the room and into the night.

"Robert," the girl called—she had not thought he would go like this—but the clang of the front door drowned her voice. She stood irresolute for a moment, a feeling of loneliness came over her.

"This will never do," she said to herself determinedly. "There is that magazine article to be finished for tomorrow, and the address for the women's club too."

She went to the library and began to write, but the words came slowly and her thoughts were disconnected. She could not put Robert out of her mind, so at last she threw down the pen in despair. She tried to read, but the book wasn't interesting, and she had a feeling that some dreadful calamity was about to befall. At last the book was thrown unceremoniously beside the pen.

"At least I ean plan my work for tomorrow," she thought. "Now, early in the morning I am to go down to that tenement on Mulberry Street and make a report to the Assoeiated Charities. I have heard there are some people down there in desperate eireumstanees. At ten I have the elass in sewing at the Mission, in the afternoon the leeture. Let me see, this is Tuesday, and on Wednesday evening, I always dine with Robert. But I won't have to bother with that now," she thought, but somehow being relieved of that didn't bring mueh pleasure. In her heart she knew she should miss it dreadfully. She tried to put him out of her mind, but her thoughts were almost as insistent as his presenee.

Presently she fell into a reverie. She lived over the years sinee she had known him, and loved him. Yet, she had known very little of his life; he had seldom mentioned his work or interests in any way. She knew, through friends, that he had been very sueeessful in the praetice of law sinee he had graduated from Yale three years before. She had faneied that he had no time for other than his professional and soeial duties, for he eame from a wealthy old family. He had laughed at her slum work—he eertainly had no sympathy for what she ealled 'unfortunate humanity.' Yet, she had loved him, even if she would not marry him. She had always eoneluded her arguments to herself with the real reason. "I am only twenty-two; I must have my eareer."

She was aroused from the reverie by a feeling as if someone were watching her, a feeling of danger. She imagined she heard a step, yet she knew the rest of the household were fast asleep hours ago.

"I must have dreamed," she said to herself as she glanced around the room and quiekly retreated up the stairway.

Her own room was warm, yet she shivered as with eold. She glaneed at the dressing table and Robert's picture was missing. She hurried over and found it lying faee downward. She raised it up and the faee that met hers was ghastly white. Her heart gave a great throb and then almost stopped beating as she fell weakly into a chair.

"Robert," she half whispered, "Oh, something dreadful has happened to him" She had heard all her life that photographs always faded when the original was dead.

She wished now that she had been kinder to him; her eareer seemed as nothing now. Her great ambition to be a writer was lost in the desire to have him baek—to make up to him what they had lost. It was she who had been selfish in depriving them both of the greatest happiness of life. She saw herself in the future, "old and prosaie, yet very famous," as Robert had said. Yet, Mrs. Graham, "old and prosaie," was bliss to being still Miss Condon and that too. She would be highly respected too, she suposed, but it would be "sueh a shame that she had never married." She had always meant

to marry him sometime. Why had'nt she done it a year ago when he first asked her. What little work she had done was nothing to what she had lost.

But it was all over now, her over-wrought brain told her. She had nothing to remember but her steady refusals, his persistent love. She would have to live her life alone, for she knew he was dead—killed in the night.

How long she sat there, she never knew, but she was aroused from her reverie by the cry of the news-boy in the street with the first morning papers. "Perhaps the papers will tell," she thought, as she threw a coat about her and ran downstairs.

Gray and forbidding the world seemed as she hurried out into the early morning, mist wrapping it like a shroud. She shuddered, more from the icy fear about her heart than the cold, as she hailed the "newsie."

"Yes, here yer are, Miss," he said as he held out a paper. "All about Bob Graham playin' the hero act and gettin' smashed up. An awful good sport he wuz too, Miss," his grimy hand wiped a tear from his eye. "Kep me mither in a house and home last winter where I was sick; kep an eye on us ever since too. Some bully guy he wuz. T'anks, Miss," he added as he pocketed the coin and ran on.

"He wuz," kept ringing through her ears as she clutched the paper in her hand and hastened into the house. "Then he is dead," was her only conclusion, not more terrible than the convictions of the night before. She opened the paper.

"Robert Graham gives life to save that of John Senco, foreigner," were the headlines.

"Then he did have that 'fellow-feeling,' he wasn't selfish," went through her brain as she thought of the night before and all she had said.

There followed a detailed account of how he had sent his automobile crashing into the curb of the street in an effort to stop it before he ran down a shabbily dressed foreigner who had slipped and fallen on the icy pavement. The man had been unhurt, while Graham was seriously, perhaps fatally injured. "The heroic act was characteristic of the man," it added, "for he has been instrumental in bringing more relief to the poor, and better conditions among foreigners, than any one man in the city." His quiet, systematic ways of procedure were highly praised.

"Robert had done all this?" the girl wondered, amazed. Yes, she could not doubt it, since the 'newsie' had told her. And she had thought he didn't care for such things! all because he had not boasted of his work. She had talked much and done little. What must he think of her?

There was one consolation tho,—he might not be dead, and she would

have a chance to make it up to him. She hurried to the telephone and called his home. Her voice sounded weak and quavery, and it seemed hours before she received an answer. She almost dropped the receiver in her surprise and delight, for it was Robert's deep "Hello."

"But I thought—" she began.

"Oh, is it you, Eileen?" he asked, recognizing her voice, "I was afraid you would get one of those awful papers, but not so early as all this. The account was exaggerated very much. I was hurt, but not so badly but that I shall be around in a few days."

"But, Robert, I thought—I was afraid—I wanted you to know," she began disconnectedly.

"Sorry you were frightened. Hope it didn't cause you to lose any time or waste any of your literary plots," he interrupted a trifle ironically. "I shall enjoy reading some of your stories while I am nursing my 'probably fatal injuries.' "

"But, Robert," she began again, "I don't want to write stories all the time, and I guess you and I together can do more slum work than both alone, and—"

"You don't mean, Eileen,—"

"Yes, I do, and remember, as soon as you are able, I want you; I have 'let you know.' Good Bye."

She hastily hung up the receiver in time to call a cheery "Good Morning" to her father as he came down the stairs, and then she ran hastily to her room.

The picture still lay on the table but the daylight revealed what the 'electric' had hidden—the 'ghastly white' was only talcum powder it had encountered in its fall. She threw open the windows and the earth had removed its misty garment. With a song in her heart she sat down to write the address for the Woman's Club.

Hazel Myer Stone '16.

———o———

Extract from story in English theme class: "His rubber-soled feet made no sound."

———o———

Lily Spier (giving report in History of Education): John Sturm had a thousand boys in school when he was eighty years old.

THE VALLEY OF PEACE

Peaceful Valley lay snugly ensconced among low, verdure-crowned hills, whose green slopes merged gently into broad, fertile meadows, through which meandered a pellucid Stream, whose ceaseless toil, in countless ages past, had carved out the broad valley and enriched the lowlands. Now, in contented old age, the Stream murmured happily to itself, as it wandered about in wide, swinging curves, and ever and anon became silent as it found repose for a time in the quiet expanse of willow-fringed, transparent pools, which reflected in their crystal depths, the bright azure of the summer sky and the white, fleecy clouds that cast fleeting, filmy shadows over the softly undulating landscape, dotted with white, thatched cottages, and overlaid here and there with the squares of cultivated fields.

For Peaceful Valley, though far remote from the great highways of commerce, and untouched by the rushing spirit of modern progress, was the home of a humble contented people, who tilled the fertile soil of the lowlands and tended their flocks and herds which pastured on the slopes. Only faint occasional echoes of the great, noisy, throbbing life of the world outside reached the inhabitants of the secluded region. Only now and then did anyone of their number go out and mingle for a time with the busy, restless throng of humanity far beyond the sun-kissed hills which walled the valley, and he always returned to the dwelling place of his fathers. Yet these quiet, unassuming people were blessed with certain inherent qualities of the soul through the possession of which they were ever alive to the natural beauties of their surroundings, and ever conscious of the greatness and glory of the Creator of all. So every Sabbath, both morning and evening, they assembled in the little chapel among the great oaks, and offered up their humble petitions and sang hymns of adoration in gratitude and thanksgiving for the simple joys of living and loving.

One Sabbath evening, a stalwart Youth and a fair-haired Maiden wended their way along the bank of the Stream to the little chapel in the wildwood; and as they went, the soft, gray twilight shadows were fast obscuring the radiant glory of the summer sunset. The gentle evening breeze came stealing up the valley and the rustling leaves of the trees echoed in happy whisperings, the low tones of the Youth and the Maiden, as they talked together of the love that was theirs. Even the sedate Stream, where it left a deep willow-bordered pool, laughed and chatted gaily, as if it too were seeking to add its silvery voice to the nocturnal chorus, in which there joined a myriad of small voices from the grassy field, which proclaimed in shrill, joyous cadences the glad fact of their being. Then, lo! from the forest on the hill came a flood of wondrous, vibrant melody that thrilled the very hearts of listeners, the completing strain in Nature's grand harmony.

"Hark! 'tis the nightingale," whispered the Youth rapturously.

"Yes, and we shall dwell always where we can hear her song on such evenings as these," the Maid replied dreamily.

"Heaven grant it!" fervently responded the Youth, "but, at times, I feel—I know not why—that it will not always be given us to remain so happy as we are now."

Even as he spoke the golden voice of the feathered singer on the hill ceased abruptly in the midst of a mellow, liquid note, and she sang no more that night, or any other. The Maiden shuddered, though the air was yet mild.

"Ah, Love, why do you tremble?" asked the Youth, with tender solicitude.

"I, too, have a strange presentiment that our happiness may come to an end as suddenly as the nightingale's voice has ceased," faltered the Maiden, almost fearfully.

"You, also?" he said startled. "Then we must hasten to the church, where we may rid ourselves of these strange forebodings, and pray that our earthly happiness cease not till death do us part."

Thus as they returned from the evening service, peace was in their hearts, and they lived only in the joys of the present.

But as the summer days went by, vague, indefinite rumors of a great war on land and sea drifted into the Peaceful Valley, yet they brought no alarm, nor even disquiet, to the dwellers. For why should they be troubled by the tidings of a conflict that affected them but indirectly? And who would wish to disturb them in the seclusion of their valley home? So the hot season passed and the golden autumn came with its abundant harvests of fruit and grain from slope and mead. Then the frost fell and a dim, purple haze overspread the landscape; but sometimes the people wondered at the thin, mysterious, dun-colored clouds, that hovered about the eastern horizon, and at flashes, as of lightning, that were seen now and then at night where the clouds hovered by day. Then a vague sense of uneasiness oppressed the men and women of the valley, as they heard frequent faint rumbles that were not thunder, but they were not afraid until, like a bolt from the clear sky, came the stern, inexorable summons from the Ruler of the land, decreeing that the yeoman of the Valley and their sons should desist from their daily occupations, leave their homes of plenty and peace, and render service to the cause of the Ruler, offering themselves, perchance, as a living sacrifice to the greedy, red God of War.

Once again the stalwart youth and the fair-haired Maiden, with heads bowed in grievous anticipation of the parting on the morrow, walked slowly

beside the Stream, which now murmured in a melancholy, almost inaudible tone. Stilled were the voices of the little creatures of the fields and forest; but apart from the sadly prophetic voice of the Stream, they heard the chill autumn wind sighing drearily through the leafless branches of the trees. Columns of thin blue smoke that slowly mingled with gray haze, rose from the white, thatched cottages, the homes which the manhood of the valley would leave soon, perhaps forever.

The Maiden then spoke, in a voce that was almost stifled with sobs: "O, my Loved One! You must not go away! I cannot let you! It shall not be!"

"Our ruler has decreed it," he returned sadly, and then continued reverently: "Perhaps it is even the command of the Divine Ruler of all. It is inevitable."

"Do you recall our gloomy forebodings some months ago?" inquired the girl, falteringly—fearfully. "I cannot but dread that they are about to be realized at last."

"Have courage, dearest one," he adjured with tender solicitude. "I shall soon return and then I shall remain always in our beautiful valley."

The next day the youth and his companions, with his father and his comrades, their hearts filled with a nameless dread, marched sadly away from their homes and their loved ones. And the Maiden watched them, as they went away, until her eyes were blinded with tears; then she wept till her eyes were dry, and she would not be comforted. Thus left alone, the women, the old men, and the children went about with heavy hearts, doing the tasks that were not theirs by custom, and ever watching, waiting, and listening for tidings from the absent fathers and sons.

Each day the mysterious dun-colored clouds about the horizon grew thicker and darker; each day the distant rumbles became louder and more insistent, and at night the lurid flashes illumined the landscape. A faint, acrid, sulphurous odor filled the air, and the sun shone dimly, morning, noon and night. Then came distracting rumors, then the wild alarm, and at last, one fatal day, the Tide of Battle swept up the valley of peace, life and love then retreated, leaving in its wake terror, death and desolation. That evening the setting sun cast, through the thick sulphurous vapor that filled the valley, a lurid unearthly glow over ruined, blackened homes, devastated fields, and the hosts of the slain. The winding stream ran red, and cried aloud in gurgling horror, as it leaped over the bodies of the fallen, which choked its broad, shallow channel.

Then the women, the old men, and the children, who had been driven from their now ruined homes, came down to view with dry, hard eyes the

scene of carnage, whose horror was reflected in their stony faces, and whose ghastliness filled their souls with agony inexpressible. Now and then the awful silence was broken by a cry of horrified recognition, as the form of some loved one, in the cold embrace of death, was discovered among the slain. With the others came the fair-haired Maiden, haunted by a cruel fear—the fear of finding him whom she sought, upon the battlefield. Impelled as if by an unseen, irresistible hand, she wandered to the bank of the Stream and there she saw, as in a dream, the form of him she loved so well, lying prone upon the brown turf. White was his face, and when the Maiden placed her soft hand upon his pale brow, she found there a chill sweat. But she did not see the gaping wound in his side, from which ebbed the life-blood, in a crimson stream.

"My love, you have returned at last," she whispered sweetly.

The stalwart Youth slowly opened his eyes. "Ah, it is you, dearest?" he questioned faintly. "Yes, I have returned— home—I think."

"And you will never more leave me?" she insisted wistfully.

"No, I shall never leave our beautiful valley again. But, hark! list to the nightingale. How wondrously beautiful she sings tonight."

Then he fainted into unconsciousness and death, but still the Maiden lingered.

Night fell, like a pall, upon the desolate valley, and darkness reigned supreme, until the pale, yellow moon gained dim ascendency over the somber powers of gloom and shed a subdued, weird light, as if she would soften, even hallow, the mourful scene of man's inhumanity to man. And the chill night wind, as it moaned and wailed through the naked trees, seemed to utter in awesome accents, to all who might listen, the stern consolation, that harks back to primeval ages: "And these died that those might live."

Blaine Smith '15.

———o———

Extract from the Bulletin: "The business management of the Fairmont Normal School Bulletin wishes to express his sincere appreciation, etc. "

———o———

Mr. Davis (making announcement in chapel): There will be a student for each ticket.

———o———

Extract from letter written by a Senior Normal: "I understand there is a vacancy in one of your primary teachers. I would like to fill it."

POEMS

EASTER TIME

All Hail! 'Tis Easter morn again,
And the joyous, joyous bells
Are ringing out their glad refrain,
Which the happy story tells.

The people hurry to the church,
All clad in garments gay.
Their hearts are light, their faces bright,
For it is Easter day.

The flowers are peeping from the ground,
Lilies and daffodils;
The sunshine of the dandelion
Now brightens all the hills.

Each flower tells its message sweet,
The resurrection story,
How from the cold dark tomb arose
The Lord in all his glory.

Daisy Watkins '16.

THE BALLAD OF THE BELL

Have you heard the little story,
In which the Normal students glory,
And which sets us all a-laughing,
Every time we tell it o'er?
Of how some one from our number,
Once disturbed our chapel slumber,
And how a small electric bell
Once made the students roar?
'Tis a funny tale, I know it,
And I'll briefly try to show it,
As I tell to you the story that has
Oft been told before.

Once upon a morning cheery,
When we'd worked till we were weary
Over many a well-worn text book,
Of unfathomable lore,
We our weary way did grapple
Up the staircase to the chapel,
And at length we soon were seated,
Ready for our morning snore.
When the faculty had entered,
All attention then was centered
On Professor E. L. Lively, as he
Closed the chapel door.

Now our President, O. I. Woodley,
With his smile so kind and goodly,
Was today from chapel absent, absent
As oft before.
So when he had noses counted,
Mr. Barnes the rostrum mounted
With his hymnal in his hand he
Took his stand upon the floor.
"We will sing!" at length he shouted,
"Page one-hundred-seventy four;
Just two stanzas and no more."

Mabel went to the piano,
With head higher than Diana,
And we waited there in silence
Till she'd played the second score.

But we'd barely started singing,
When we heard a bell a-ringing
And the tingling seemed to issue from
The 'phone behind the door.
"Tis the 'phone" 'Dad' Mercer whispered,
"Only that and nothing more."

But the bell it kept on ringing
Till at length we'd all stopped singing,
And there sat Mabel playing, playing
On, just as before.
And as each repeated jingle
Set our senses all a tingle,
Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rogers, each one
Strode across the floor.
"Tis some prank," 'Dad' Mercer muttered,
"It is that and nothing more."

'Round the piano they all clustered;
Mr. Barnes, he fumed and blustered
As we'd never seen him bluster in this
Normal School before.
Then upon his knees fell "Jolly,"
With expression melancholy,
And beneath the piano he this
Mystery did explore.
With a look of stupor gazing,
At a sight which seemed amazing—
Only this and nothing more.

Thus he kept us all a guessing,
Not a single thought expressing,
Of the nature of the mystery as he knelt
Upon the floor.
Then he gave a jerk quite shattery
That soon loosened that electric battery,
And the bell was dashed to pieces as
It fell upon the floor.
"Dad" was mad and so was Rogers,
For he'd taught that class of codgers
How to make that bell that lay there smashed
To pieces on the floor.

Then the students got the "wiggles,"
And they rent the air with giggles
And the chapel hall resounded
As it never had before.
But our hearts began to flutter
When we saw that Barnes did sputter
As he took his place in anger, once
Again upon the floor.
"Students, you should be more careful
And in chapel be more prayerful
In this a place of worship, only that
And nothing more.

Now 'tis time to get your lessons,
We'll dismiss you with our blessings,
And never let us see electric bells here any more."
Thus spoke Barnes with great expression
As he started the procession,
Once again into the class rooms down
The stairs to second floor.
And as down the steps we stumbled,
Every frightened student mumbled
"We will do experimental work in
Chapel——nevermore."

Rebecca Rutherford '15.

AGE'S MUSINGS

When the evening sun is setting,
And the gentle breezes blow,
Where the violets are blowing,
And the sweet red roses grow;

It is then that I am saddest,
And my eyes o'erflow with tears,
As I sit there gently musing,
On the joys of by-gone years.

When the silvery moon was shining
Where the sweet magnolias grow,
Went we forth in happy numbers,
There to wander to and fro.

Strolling through the fields of clover,
With those happy friends of mine,
Many were the heart confessions,
In that golden summer time.

But those days are gone forever
And I'm sitting here alone;
Life's vacation now is closing,
I've short time to call my own.

If the rose were only blooming,
And could yield the same perfume;
If the clover still were waving
As it did those nights in June;

Then I'd lay me down to slumber,
And I'd try to happy be,
Always dreaming of the loved ones
That have passed away from me.

George W. Gragg, '17.

A-BERRYING

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill Bill went a-berrying;
Need I tell you—tell you why?

Farmer Fisher had a daughter,
And it happened that Bill knew
On each sunny morning, Ruth
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries
So Bill joined her on the hill:
"Ruth, dear," said Bill, "Your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."

So they stayed—they two—to fill it,
Ruth talking —Bill was still.
Leading where the hill was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up hill work," said Ruth;
"So is life," said Bill; "shall we
Climb it each alone, or, Ruth,
Will you come and climb with me?"

Redder than the blushing berries
Ruth's cheeks a moment grew,
While without delay she answered
"I will come and climb with you."

LOST: A MUSTACHE

Where has that mustache gone?
It was here just a few days ago.
All the lads and the lasses,
In all of the classes,
And everyone loved it so.

Has any one seen it about?
It must have gone off in the night.
It was the pride of the place
On the handsomest face,
And everyone loved it so.

Don't you think he is sorry it went?
If he only had kept it till May!
He'd got only half through
What he started to do
If he only had waited a day.

Do you think it will ever come back?
I hope it will not be too late.
We expect the dear thing
To come back in the Spring.
We know it will come if we wait.

W. & J. '15.

SCHOOL LIFE

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD

Rap, rap, rap, (in the library.)

"Can't you understand English?"

"Can't you visualize?"

"Exactly."

"As it were."'

"Now mark."

"Believe me, if those endearing young charms."

"Lights out."

"'All board must be paid in advance, or twenty-five cents extra will be charged."

"Anyone spilling water will please mop it up."

"It's all right if you can get away with it."

"Do you think this is original?"

"Ahem"—(in chapel.)

"Isn't that hypothetical?"

"There is going to be a great rush at the end of the year, etc."

"O—h! I wish it were June."

DORMITORY PARLORS.

DORMITORY DINING ROOM.

LIFE IN THE DORM

(A play in one act.)

ACT I.

Time: Six o'clock any evening.

Place: Dormitory.

The dinner bell rings.

Enter: Miss McConnell, Underwood, Bertha, Rebecca, Phillips, Burgreen, Dorothy, Macel, Mabel and Hazel.

Heads all bowed.

Vinetta at another table giggles. Dreadful noise from the kitchen.

Bert: I get the heel tonight, I haven't had one for a week."

"Aunty" Underwood: (Who was busy flirting with the waitresses), Oh, you may have it for tonight, for I got the heel and toe both the other night.

Dorothy: Oh, that sounds interesting.

Miss McConnell: Do tell us about it.

"Aunty": A tramp kicked me off the mound the other night, that's all.

Bertha: He-he-he-he-ee-ee.

Rebecca: Hu-hu-hu-pp.

Everybody laughs.

Grace Morgan, who has been trying to break the ice with Mr. Phillips, spills coffee down his neck.

Grace to Cecil: Gee, the deed is did.

Macel: Miss McConnell, may we have the syrup please?

Burgreen passes the sweets to the sweet.

Bertha: Oh! just two weeks and a day and we will get to go home.

"Aunty": Bet I'll get some crusts then.

Rebecca: Well, what's Mary High looking over here for?

Dorothy: Why don't you know? She sees Under Wood.

"Aunty": How does a fellow feel when he is falling in love?

Bert: I don't know myself, but Mary High can tell the difference between it and indigestion.

(All laugh.)

Rebecca: Oh! this is ice cream night.

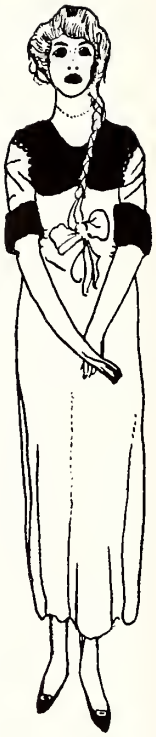
Macel: Please pass the syrup.

Rebecca: Reach me a spoon 'hup' here.

Laetazelle: (From behind) We want to eat. Why don't you hurry?

All leave the dining room, till the next meal, where simliar conversations take place.

THE FEAST



There once were twelve jolly Dorm girls,
Who roomed on second floor,
And planned to have a midnight feast
In the room of Bing and Moore.

All the day before they hunted,
Bought all that they could find;
Into this room they smuggled it,
For 'twas all a secret, mind!

'Till twelve o'clock these waited;
Not a sound could they hear,
Save Mrs. Snyder's heavy breathing;
So they thought the coast was clear.

Eight girls first made the venture,
And landed safely in;
The rarebit was put to cooking;
The feast would soon begin.

Suddenly there came a tinkle
Like a far off rising bell,
But as it came louder, nearer,
To the girls it was a knell.

Every girl was breathless,
Seized with an awful fear;
If Mrs. Snyder wasn't dead,
That noise she'd surely hear.

"The fates are against us."
This wisdom came from Bing,
For dangling beside the window,
Were six alarm clocks on a string.

"Who on earth did that?"
Joe Kyle stuck out her head,
But absorbing a barrel of cold water,
Landed dripping on the bed.

The terror turned to giggles,
The giggles turned to fear,
As a familiar voice demanded,
"What's going on in here?"

"Open up that door, Girls;
Umph! I smell burning cheese!
Give me that flashlight.
Turn on the electric, please."

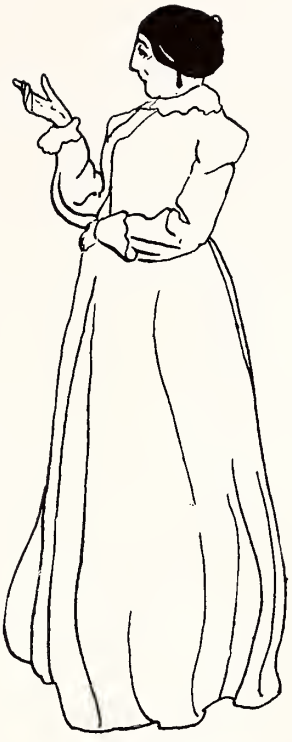
What she saw was only a burned rarebit,
Two bewildered looking girls;
The others all had vanished,
In a system of magic whirls.

But Mrs. Snyder is not thus deluded
And in a stern voice said,
As she turned the head of the flashlight,
"Hazel and Grace, I see under the bed.

"Fay Woodburn, come from that wardrobe,
Betty Posten's behind you, I think.
Mary Moore, you can't deceive me,
'Tisn't sleep that makes your eyes wink.

"Aha, Joe! so this bundle of wet clothing,
Contains your remains, I see,
Will each one of you young ladies,
Stand, please, and face me?

"This one time you'll not be punished,
Since this is your first offense,
But if it ever occurs again,
To the Dean of women you shall go hence."



With a frown and a final flourish,
The preceptress glided away
To squelch those horrid "third floor girls,"
Who made the feasters the penalty pay.

The eight roused the rest of their number,
They ate the rarebit and things,
But it all lacked the wonderful flavor,
Which the secret midnight feast brings.

When the feasting was finally over,
The morning was breaking now;
In the cold gray dawn of the morn after,
Twelve girls made this solemn vow:

"Now, when we have the next feast,
And that shall be very soon,
The girl who breathes to a living soul,
Shall be hanged by the heels from the moon."

A. B. '15.

AS THE MIRROR

NAME	OCCUPATION	DISPOSITION	BY-WORD
Bertha Dilgard	Writing letters	Very mild	"Ding bust it"
Mary High	Scientific Cook	Unusual	"Garsh"
Herschel Wade	Campus Course	Persistent	"Haint got none."
Vinetta McCoy	Hunting Snakes	Bashful (?)	!!??!!??-!??
Lily Spier	Campus Course	Musical	"Garsh"
Arma Bing	Senior Normal Eng.	High Strung	"Gee George! ain't it fierce?"
Roy Underwood	Heart-Breaking	Rebellious	"Believe Me"
Lily Waters	In love	Affectionate	"We can't afford"
Mr. Mackie	Barber	Optimistic	"Goonness sakes"
Mr. Lively	Farmer	Fetching	"Oh Bugs!"
Wilfred Bridges	Arguing	Important	"Oh Mumps!"
Frank Payne	Mumps	Agonistic	"Sin and Misery"

REFLECTS THEM

WHERE LAST SEEN	FAVORITE SONG
On Train	"Carry me back to old Virginia."
Edgemont	"Believe me if all those endearing young charms."
At the Dorm.	"O Lily, Sweet Lily!"
Pittsburg	"Spagghettia."
Wading	"Tipperary."
At midnight feast	"You have stolen my heart (Hart)"
Edgemont	"On my way to Madeline."
In a Ford	"I don't like the Niggers."
Barber Shop	"My class in Psychology."
On agricultural hike	"Roaming in the Gloaming."
Plum Run	"I hate to get up in the morning."
"Dorm."	"Oh love that would not let me go!"

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

ACT I.

The time was autumn,
The place was this school.
The cast was ten,
The reception cool.
The occasion was luncheon,
The hostess five
Girls, who invited
Five boys to dine.

ACT II.

The time was the noon hour,
The situation getting funny,
Four boys had come,
"Where art thou, O, sonny?"
The table was laden
With the best of the season.
The fifth boy came not,—
"Oh, what was the reason?"

ACT III.

The place was the Dorm,
The girls all dismayed,
Gaped at a lone man
Who stood while they prayed.
For this poor little sonny
Got in the wrong place,
Confused the Dorm with the Normal,
And disturbed the diners' grace.

ACT IV.

The time an hour later,
The cast is just two.
One girl very angry,
The air is quite blue.
The boy had found out his grievous
mistake,
He soon left the Normal,
A new start to make.
Moral: "Now boys take warning,
Have the place well in mind.
When you have an engagement,—
No matter what kind."

NORMAL SCHOOL CALENDAR

SECOND SEMESTER

Mon., Jan. 4—F. S. N. S. students return from holiday vacation.

Tues., Jan. 5—9:10 cooking class mistakes salt for sugar. As a result the cocoa tastes "kepuliar."

Wed., Jan. 6—Somebody discovers "Conviction Currents" in Physics Class.

Thurs., Jan. 7—State Board of Regents visit F. S. N. S.

Fri., Jan. 8—Sneezing contest in chapel.

Sat., Jan. 9—School today. Normal-Alumni basket-ball game.

Mon., Jan. 11—Mr. Rogers wears "the smile that won't come off."

Tues., Jan. 12—"Papa" Rogers still smiling.

Wed., Jan. 13—Miller fails to answer roll call. He becomes master of the situation by saying he isn't absent—only absent-minded.

Thur., Jan. 14—Murray says "No ma-am" to Mr. Rogers.

Fri., Jan. 15—Martin and Federer star in English by quoting the same sonnets that have already been quoted a dozen times to-day.

Mon., Jan. 18—Everybody too busy to be funny.

Tues., Jan. 19—Everybody cramming. Normal Lecture Course number tonight. Nobody has time to go.

Wed., Jan. 20—Exams. Oh horrors!

Thur., Jan. 21—More exams. Students pale and half dead.

Mon., Jan. 25—We sing "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" in chapel. Roy and Mary join in enthusiastically.

Tues., Jan. 26—Mrs. Morrow reads us a sample examination paper in which we learn that Bede was the author of "Ben Hur". Even the angels weep over the results of exams.

Wed., Jan. 27—Enrollment Day. Everybody "broke."

Thur., Jan. 28—Mr. Woodley prescribes for the Normal School epidemic—heart trouble.

Fri., Jan. 29—Faculty eut chapel two by two.

Mon. Feb. 1—Mr. Barnes speaks on proposed school laws and Woman Suffrage. (Great applause from suffragettes.)

Tues., Feb. 2—Ground Hog Day at F. S. N. S. Mr. Lively meets his classes as usual.

Wed., Feb. 3—Ruth Fisher supplies "what's missing" in Virgil class.

Thurs., Feb. 4—Carter coins a new word, "easlier," in English.

Fri., Feb. 5—Dr. Driver lectures tonight.

Mon., Feb., 8—"Oh, what is so rare as a steak of meat,
Cooked in the broiler without any heat."
(See 9:10 cooking class about this.)

Tues., Feb. 9—Boys crowd around the mail box to see if they are invited to Dorm party.

Wed., Feb. 10—Salem gets it in the neck, the neck, the neek! (Normal boys ditto.)

Thur. Feb. 11—Senior Normals win a game from the——Freshies.

Fri., Feb. 12—Lincoln's Birthday—Big chapel exercises.

Sat., Feb. 13—St. Valentine's party at the Dorm. Mr. Mackie tries in vain to match his heart.

Mon.,Feb. 15— Hungarian duke speaks in chapel.

Tues., Feb. 16—House-cleaning at the Dorm. Ruth and Gwen sweep their room.

Wed., Feb. 17—Mayers insists that every house should have a kitchen. (The girls wonder if he wants a cook too.)

Thur. Feb. 18—Mrs. Woodley speaks in chapel, her subject being "Art."

Fri., Feb. 19—Physics class spends the morning "sparking."—Class learns what will make Mr. Roger's hair grow.

Mon., Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. Addresses by Rev. Canter and E. M. Showalter. Half-holiday this afternoon.

Tues., Feb. 23—Carter (reading in English.) "His poor guide hurried back with eggs (agues) in her brain." (This isn't Easter, Glen.)

Wed., Feb. 24—Mrs. Morrow says all compositions must be in sometime to-day. Virgean asks if it will "be all right to hand them in this afternoon."

Thur., Feb. 25—Dr. Harriet B. Jones lectures in chapel. Deep breathing exercises. Harriet B. parade at Dorm. tonight.

Fri., Feb. 26—Mrs. Morrow says we have "Heart Throbs" in the library.

Mon., Mar. 1—"Becky" experiments with mouse trap in English Literature class. F. S. N. S. wins from Salem.

Tues., Mar. 2—We sing "Yankee Doodle" in chapel. Miss Lewis leaves the room, looking quite shocked.

Wed., Mar. 3—F. S. N. S. girls win from Glenville girls.

Thurs., Mar. 4—Morris says he hardly ever gets ashamed of not understanding.

Fri., Mar. 5—Round Table at Clarksburg. No schol today, and everybody happy.

Mon., Mar. 8— Miller treats Ruth to cough drops in class.

Tues., Mar. 9— Dr. Winship lectures in chapel.

Wed., Mar. 10—In Y. W. C. A. Mr. Mercer makes an "explanation" and Miss Rice plays a piano solo.

Thu.,Mar. 11— Mrs. Morrow reads a beautiful story in chapel.

Fri., Mar.12— Electrical demonstration in chapel. Bell rings in the piano.

Mon., Mar. 15—One of our young ladies brings a knife to school to cut chapel.

Tues., Mar. 16—St. Patrick's Day party at Normal. Mr. Mackie and Miss Rice play "Dublin" (doubling)

Wed.,Mar. 17—"The Wearin' O' the Green."

Thur.,Mar. 18—Rat causes excitement in the basement. Lily and "Becky" declare it was as "big as a cow."

Fri., Mar. 19—Holden still insists he isn't married.

Mon., Mar. 22—Bertha Dilgard begins to count the hours until Thursday.

Tues., Mar. 23—"Auntie" Underwood gets lock-jaw again. He can't eat pine-apple.

Wed., Mar. 24—Mumps break out in F. S. N. S. New students begin to arrive.

Thur.,Mar. 25—Spring vacation begins. All old students leave for home except Blaine Smith, who stays to catch the prettiest new girl.

Fri., Mar. 26—Blaine decides on the policy of "watchful waiting."

Mon., Mar. 29—Busy day for new students.

Tue., Mar. 30—Payne takes a last fill of chicken and gravy before returning to school.

Wed.,Mar. 31—Everybody back at work. Frank and Getty open campus course—new students follow suit.

Thur.,Apr. 1—All Fool's Day. The calendar editor takes a vacation.

LATER (by Assistant Calendar Editor)

Mon., Apr. 5—Maud Powell Concert. Some boys up in peanut heaven shock Maud by their conduct.

Thur.,Apr. 27—Hon. M. M. Neeley lectnres in chapel. Subject: "Some Celebrities I have Known."

Fri., Apr. 28—Dr. Neil gives illustrated lecture in chapel on "The Care of the Teeth." Dorm. girls eat tough beef with great zest.

Thur.,Apr. 29—Telegram received from Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lively on their honeymoon at Lookout Mt., Tennessee, announcing that they will be at home to their friends after May 15, at "Lookout Farm," Fairmont, W. Va. Agriculture and botany students all "look out."

Fri., Apr. 30—Chapel concert by University school of Music. Mock trial at Lyceum tonight. "Misery" makes great fight for freedom, but is finally convicted.

Mon., May 3—The Mound goes to press. Editor resumes his policy of "watchful waiting."

TIME AND RED INK.

When I have seen by Barnes's hand defaced
The thought placed on that black ink-written page;
When sometimes flowery themes I see down-razed,
And pen eternal slave to red ink's rage;
When I have seen the crooked margin gain
Advantage on the space for written love,
And the paragraph win of the margin plain
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such signs of Barnes's hate,
Whole paragraphs rejected in dismay
Mistakes have taught me thus to punctuate,
Lest June doth come and take my grade away.
Though many times I with great dread may shrink,
I'll learn to praise the use of his red ink.

Emma Rexroad and Grace Morgan.

"ADOPTED"

Definition of the Brain, according to a Pupil in Psychology.

Brain:—The top floor apartment in the human block, known as the cranium, and kept by the Sarah sisters, Sarah Brum and Sarah Bellum, assisted by Medulla Oblongata. All three are nervous, but are always confined to their cells. The brain is done in gray and white, and furnished with light and heat, hot or cold water, (if desired) with regular connections to the outside world by way of the Spinal Circuit. Usually occupied by the intellectual Brass-Thoughts and Ideas as an Intelligence office. Sometimes sub-let as a nut factory.—Ex.

———o———

Blunders from the examination papers:

In History: Two French explorers of the Mississippi river were Romeo and Juliet.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A fort is a place for soldiers to live in. A fortress is a place for soldiers wives to live in.

The provisions of the Mayflower were saltpork and bread.

In Geography: A mountain range is a large sized cook stove.

A mountain pass is given by the railroads to their employes, so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains.

The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up.——Ex.

THE UNDAUNTED THEME WRITER

Shall I, in a sullen mood,
Fret because my theme's not good?
Or make gray my head with rage
'Cause I lack a well writ page?
Be my theme when Barnes doth read
Flowery as the Maytime mead—
If it sounds alright to me
What care I what faults he see?

Shall my mind with grief be crazed,
'Cause another's theme is praised;
Or with sorrow ever think
On my page dabbed with red ink?
Be his theme more perfect far
Than my own themes ever are,
If that theme's not writ by me
What care I by whom it be?

Shall another's good theme make
Me to write for good grade's sake?
Or his many praises known
Make disgust strong for my own?
Be he with such are possest
That his theme is always best;
If no praise be given me
What care I how praised he be?

'Cause his thots oft seem so high,
Shall I grieve with sullen eye?
They who write with skill, believe,
Often outside helps receive,
Think their great art they will show
And the teacher will not know;
If that author was not he,
What care I how good it be?

Good or bad, or stained with ink,
I will ne'er in sorrow shrink;
If my margins are not straight,
I will up at night sit late;
If my punctnation's poor
I with patience will fix o'er;
For if this be good for me
What care I how late it be?

Emma Rexroad '16.

Bridges: Do you believe women are the salt of the earth?

Mr. Mackie: Well, yes I do, for they surely do drive enough people to drink.

———o———

Freshie: When I die I wish to be cremated.

Mr. Rogers: Why?

Freshie: So my ashes will mingle with those of the great.

———o———

Girls: How did Cora Monroe get a beau?

Rebecca: Why she used catchup (Catch Hupp)

———o———

Vinetta: (planning for the wienie roast) We'll let the boys get the wienies.

Mrs. Gibson: And we'll get the wurst.

———o———

Mary High was once heard to exclaim in her sleep:

"One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say;
Payne I love with all my heart,
But Roy I cast away."

Miss Johnson: Caring for plants teaches a child patience.

Arma: Well some people ought to have a whole green house.

———o———

One evening after dinner, Mr. Wade was seen going around from the Dorm, despondently singing:

"O love that will not let me go:"

For the rest of this to the Lilies go.

———o———

Mr. Holland in Methods class was reciting about geographical conditions of a certain country, when Mr. Shafer interrupted him by asking the class: Does any one know what's going on in Holland now?

———o———

Mr. Shafer: Any one wanting to talk over their work with me, can see me in the office some time during the day.

Mary Moore: Why, is it all right to catch you if we can?

———o———

Mary High: (in Household Chemistry) Mr. Rogers, would Horlick's Malted Milk be good for babies?

Mr. Rogers: Why-er-yes-I guess so, Miss High.

———o———

Florence Wagner was explaining to an Italian in night school, the difference between pretty and handsome. The Italian interrupted her saying "Oh yes! me know" (pointing to her), "You pretty, me handsome!"

———o———

A book agent visiting the Dormitory one evening went up to Mr. Lively and said, "I beg your pardon, but my name is Shoemaker, are you a Senior here?"

Mr. Lively: No I am a Freshman.

Mr. Shoemaker: Well, I guess what I have wouldn't interest you then.

Mr. Lively: No, I am just out of the woods.

———o———

Mr. Shafer: (in Prin. of Ed.) If a chick is left in the room with a dog for a few days it will learn to follow the dog.

Miss Hill: If it is left long enough, will it learn to bark?

Grace Matthews: My general methods kill me.

Grace Van Horn: Well, my attitude has hurt me for a long time.

———o———

Audrey Douglass: Why don't you take advanced drawing?

New Student: I've never had first year drawing yet.

Audrey: That don't matter. Advanced drawing is only one day in advance of the first year class.

———o———

Clara Baldwin: Mr. Barnes, would you read the preface before or after you read the book?

Mr. Barnes: Yes, I think I would.

———o———

Mr. Rogers (in Physics): We can always see the lightning before we can the thunder.

———o———

Rebecca: (talking of her new shoes) Why, Mr. Lively, I never had shoes that "squawked" before.

———o———

Mr. Rogers: Mr. Spielman, what is the shape of a shadow cast by a sphere?

Mr. Spielman: Why, why I hardly know; would it be square? Mr. Mercer could tell you.

———o———

Mrs. Morrow: Mr. Federer, what part of nature did you enjoy most in this poem?

Mr. Federer: I took a great liking to the Stones.

———o———

Miss Prichard: Mr. Payne, can you name the old Roman gods?

Mr. Payne: (reminiscently) I tried to name Neptune. Are the others like her?

———o———

Ethel Harris: Do gooseberries have legs, Mr. Lively?

Mr. Lively: No. Why?

Miss Harris: Then I have been eating caterpillars.

Mr. Barnes: My wife's name was Wood. What was yours?

Mr. Mercer: Mine was Wouldn't, I didn't get her.

———o———

Why are the mumps and the campus course so much alike?

There are always two sides in either.

———o———

Miss Prichard is now very sorry that she did not start a spring class in "Roamin' History." There are many who could profit much by experiences of past Roamin's."

———o———

Miss Summers: Nellie, are you going to college next year?

Nellie Patterson: I think I shall go to Clark University.

———o———

Rebecca Rutherford: What do you think? Frank Payne said I weighed 112 pounds.

John Hupp: Well, he hasn't been with you as much as I have.

———o———

Mr. Mackie: Have you any design on a bungalow, Miss Schroeder?

Louise Schroeder: No, I haven't. Why?

Mr. Mackie: I was thinking of building one.

———o———

Erma Henry: Mr. Barnes, could you squeeze me in your English class?

Mr. Barnes: I don't know. I'll have to consult Miss Lewis first.

———o———

Edna Miller: Doesn't that fellow look good on this side?

"Prich": Well, he looks just as good on the other side.

———o———

Cora Monroe: What did Miss Johnson say about your lesson plan?

Fay Sturm: If you have an hour to spare, I'll give you a synopsis.

———o———

Louise Rector (Philosophically): Isn't it strange how quickly our most treasured possessions can be appropriated by some one else?

Rebecca Rutherford (Sadly): Yes, I used to have a Hupp.

Mr. Barnes: Mr. Rusk, what are the essentials of a love poem?
Mr. Rusk: I don't know.
Mr. Barnes: Yes, you do, naturally.

———o———

One day a Senior going down stairs, unfortunately slipped and fell. Just then a Senior Academic happened along and placing her arms akimbo, looked with contempt upon the Senior as she said: "Fools stand in some slippery places, do they not?"

"They certainly do," replied the Senior, "but I can't."

———o———

"Me an' Her"

A STUDENT'S DREAM.

EDITORIAL

The students of the Fairmont Normal School certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the teachers who, during the spring term just past, taught for ten weeks without any immediate remuneration, and with only slight prospects of any in the future. The members of the Senior Normal class in particular should be grateful for this service, for had the school been closed during the remainder of the year, it is very likely that they would not have received their diplomas or teachers' certificates, and would have thus been compelled to wait another year before entering upon the duties of their chosen profession.

———o———

In conclusion, the editors, managers, and artists of The Mound wish to extend their very sincere thanks to all who have contributed in any manner to the success of this publication.

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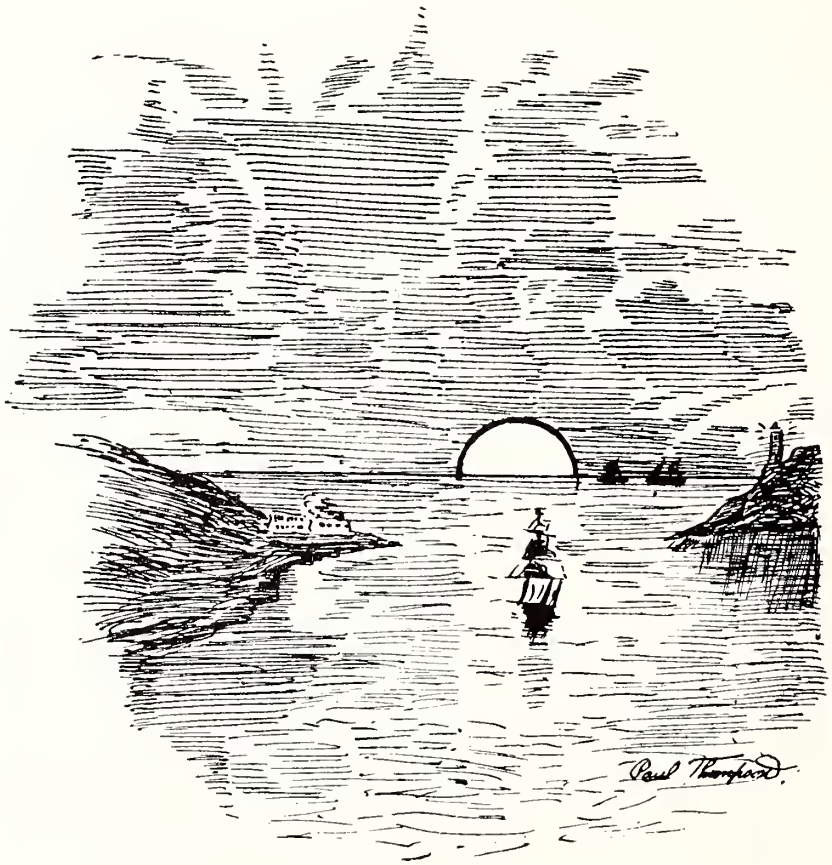
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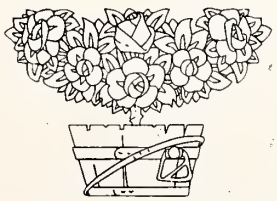

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